



INSIDE FOOTBALL'S BIG DATA REVOLUTION

MEN'S JOURNAL

OCTOBER 2015 Vol. 24, No. 8

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BEST
HIKES IN
THE USA

HOW TO
GET A
GREAT
NIGHT'S
SLEEP
THE COMPLETE
BEDROOM
UPGRADE

THE
RADICAL
CALM OF
A MASTER
FREE
CLIMBER

FALL GEAR

RUGGED CAMERAS

AFFORDABLE
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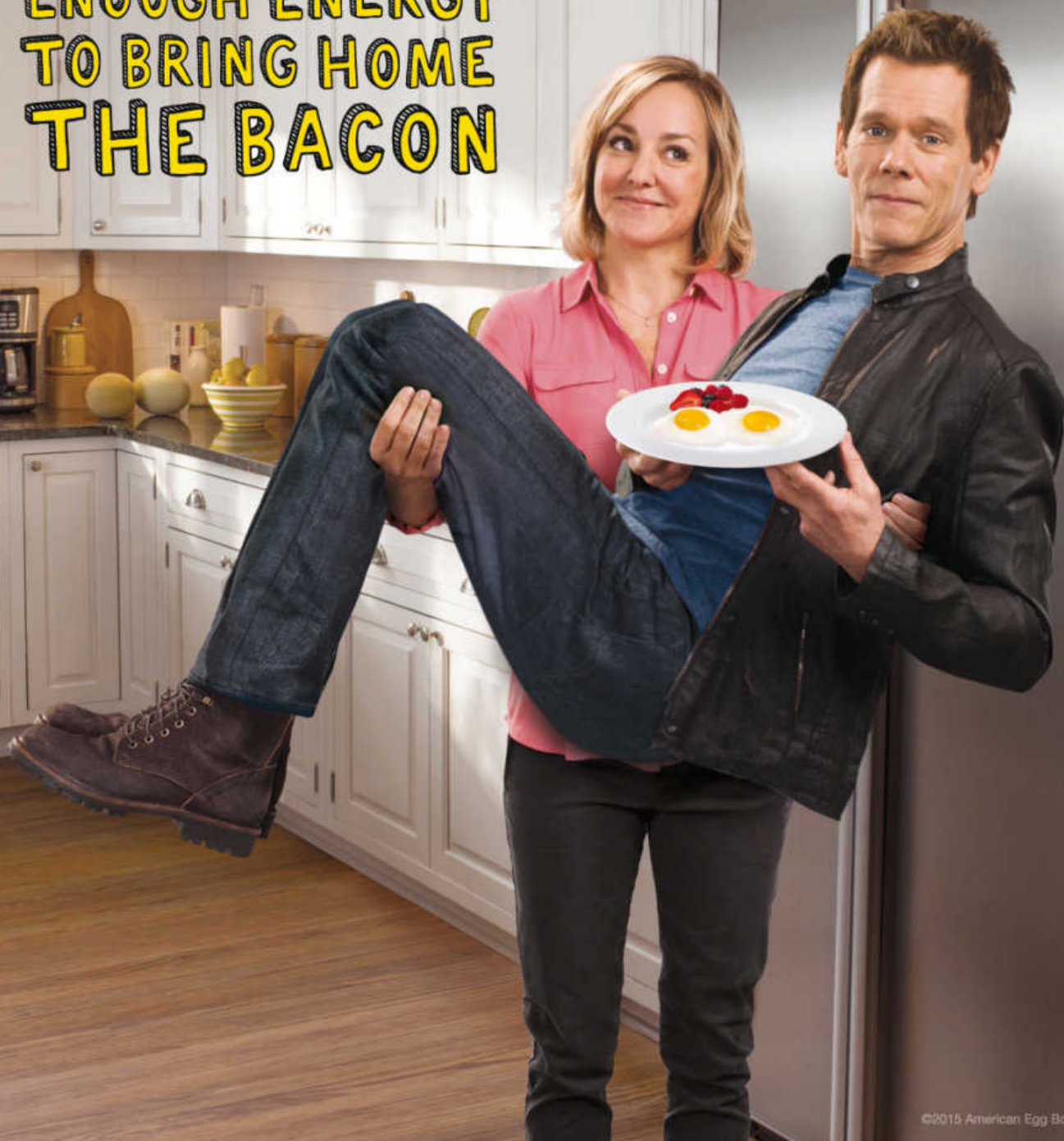
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ON THE COVER: Anthony Bourdain photographed for *Men's Journal* by Mark Seliger on June 18, 2015, in New York City. Styling by Danielle Nachmani at Art Department. Grooming by Losi at Martial Vivot Salon/Honey Artists. Production by Ruth Levy. Bourdain wears a jacket by Levi's and a T-shirt by Quality Mending.



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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ROB O'NEAL; COURTESY OF TRANSITION; ETHAN WELTY/TANDEM STOCK; VICTOR PRADO



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ADVENTURE

The 25 Best Trail Races in America



“Trails turn running into play. There’s something about the freedom of bounding over roots, rocks, and mud that brings out the kid inside.”

— MATT FITZGERALD, COACH AND AUTHOR OF *80/20 RUNNING*

DRINK

Fall seasonals are one of the great traditions in brewing. Here are five of our favorite fresh, bold beers you can only get this time of year.

1. Sierra Nevada's Oktoberfest
2. Great Divide's Fresh Hop Pale Ale
3. Great Lakes' Nosferatu
4. Dogfish Head's Punkin Ale
5. The Bruery's Black Tuesday

GEAR LAB

What We're Testing

Vizio's 80-inch M-Series LED TV



The Vizio M-Series LED Smart TV has one of the best displays you can buy, with millions of pixels and software that makes even your regular Netflix look like it's in ultrahigh definition.

ON INSTAGRAM

On the northern border of Arizona sits the Wave, a stretch of sandstone ground turned by wind and water into a Munch painting. The fall is the best time to hike here, but bring a GPS — the trail is sparingly marked.



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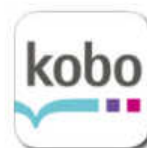
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NEXT ISSUE



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Letters

+ Liev Schreiber's been such an elusive star over the past decade, it's great to read what really keeps him going — his family, his wife, his ongoing search for self — and to hear him speak so honestly about it ["How Liev Schreiber Fixed Himself," by Stephen Rodrick].

JANICE FRANK, VIA THE INTERNET

IN THE HOLE

Consider me pleased to learn that golf, as it's been played for centuries, takes too long and requires too great an attention span for millennials to take an interest ["The Death of Golf," by Karl Taro Greenfeld]. That translates into more available tee times and decidedly better course etiquette for those of us who value the serenity and comradeship of the game.

PETER DEVINE
HOUSTON

To me, golf's sustainability problem is why it's fading from popularity. I had no idea the amount of water used just to keep the grass at the golf course green! It seems like a gratuitous waste. It's hard to sympathize with the folks who

love the sport, however. If a person can afford to pay the freight for their recreational pursuits, good for them.

JERRY O'MALLEY
MONTANA

GRIDIRON AUTEUR

I've always wondered why former NFL player Rashard Mendenhall retired when he was still doing extremely well on the Steelers. "Hollywood's Big Hitter," by Reeves Wiedeman, explained a lot. I hope to see more of his work as a writer for TV.

RENZO GIORDANO
SACRAMENTO, CA

GREEK REVIVAL

Efharisto ("thank you") to David Amsden for highlighting the underground revival taking place in Greece ["The Greek

Revival"]. As a Greek-American, it's hard watching the economic tumult gripping a once illustrious land. But look beyond the surface, and an undercurrent of optimism is starting to swell. Let's hope that Greece can move beyond its current crisis and regain that lively Hellenic spirit once more.

KONSTANTINE KARNAZES
SAN FRANCISCO

SECRET OF LIFE

Coming from a man who has truly battled in life, James Taylor's secret to ultimately feeling truly free — by tolerating loneliness — is spot-on ["The Last Word," by Sean Woods].

DANIELLE DISHER
VIA THE INTERNET

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TRIBUTE

DEAN POTTER
1972-2015

Dean Potter's story resonates with the deaths of other extreme athletes, including the late Shane McConkey, Jay Moriarity, and Andy Irons. Their kiss-my-ass attitudes set them apart, and while they perished too soon, they have inspired a generation.

BRIAN YORK
OCEAN PARK, ME

I met [Dean Potter] in Yosemite while he was sitting with his dog, Whisper, and having a coffee with some friends. I recognized him from his documentary, *The Man Who Can Fly*. He was so kind and humble and paid extra attention to Whisper. Such a loss!

JOYCE HILL
VIA THE INTERNET



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: MICHAEL PIROCCO; TYLER ROEMER; MICHAEL PIROCCO

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Tree Huggers of the Serengeti

IT'S EXTREMELY RARE to see even one African lion in a tree, let alone a pride of 10. "It was just a ridiculous encounter," says Australian photographer Bobby-Jo Clow, who spotted the lions while on a driving safari in May. The big cats are part of the Morju Kpojes pride and live in Tanzania's Serengeti National Park, a savanna that has one of the highest densities of lions in Africa. Unlike leopards, which regularly snooze in trees to take advantage of cooler breezes, it's uncommon for the larger lions (which can weigh more than 300 pounds) to climb. But this group took to the tree to escape an onslaught of tsetse flies brought on by an unusually wet rainy season. "Observing a pride in the Serengeti is a special experience," says Clow. "And when they roar, it just goes straight through you. You feel so insignificant." —**MARIELLE ANAS**

Fall's Most Colorful Hikes

When the trees turn, the crowds come out — but that doesn't mean you need to walk with them. Here are the best hikes to have the mountains to yourself. **by JAYME MOYE**

DAY HIKES



Vermont's Long Trail: one of easiest — and most spectacular — hikes for fall color

THE LONG TRAIL Vermont Sherburne Pass Loop, 8.5 miles, loop

Arguably the best place in all of America to explore the early fall colors is atop Pico Peak, halfway along Vermont's iconic 273-mile Long Trail. And it's easy to do: You can reach the peak in a few hours by heading out on the Sherburne Pass Loop trail, which begins at the Inn at Long Trail, in Killington. "We call that section the Green Tunnel because you've got waist-high ferns along a forested pathway," says Murray McGrath, who's family has owned the inn for 38 years. After Pico Peak, the trail dives back into the woods on its way to Deer Leap, a rock outcropping and popular climbing area with a clear vista all the way to the Adirondacks. "It's a phenomenal view, and you don't really need anything special to reach it," says McGrath. "Just a pair of sneakers."

APRÈS HIKE The easiest place to crash is also the best: the Inn at Long Trail, a 1930s ski lodge with a giant stone fireplace and redwood hot tub. And with breakfast specials like soda bread French toast with local maple syrup, there's no reason not to spend the night.



COLORADO TRAIL Colorado

Camp Hale to Kokomo Pass;
11.5 miles, out and back

The Rocky Mountains are never better than in fall, when their foothills light up with aspen trees turning red and gold — and there's no better place to see them than on the Camp Hale trail, a half-hour south of Vail. "Mid to late September is the best time for aspens in Colorado," says Liz Thomas, of the Continental Divide Trail Coalition. "The leaves shimmer like glitter in the breeze." The trail begins at Upper Camp Hale trailhead and tops out on Kokomo Pass, at 12,023 feet. The reward is impossibly sheer views of the jagged Gore Range.

APRÈS HIKE Bring your swimsuit: About 45 minutes south of the trailhead is one of Colorado's best hot springs, Mt. Princeton, with 105-degree water bubbling through the cool waters of Chalk Creek.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE TRAIL Montana

Highline Trail to the Loop; 11.6 miles, point to point

The Highline Trail, part of the 3,100-mile Continental Divide Trail, starts at Logan Pass, the highest point you can drive to in Glacier National Park. From there it follows the mountain just above tree line, offering unobstructed views of the massive glacier-carved valley below. "We're not known for our fall foliage," says park guide Corrie Holloway, "but it's still beautiful — the fireweed and huckleberry plants are turning red, and the mountain ash is a bright orange." To see mountain goats and grizzlies, start early — like 8 a.m. At the hike's end, at Going-to-the-Sun Road, you can hitch a ride back up to the top.

APRÈS HIKE Stop at Glacier Distilling's tasting room, in Coram, seven miles outside the park's west entrance, for one of their dozen house-made spirits, such as Fireweed Whiskey.

ART LOEB TRAIL North Carolina

Black Balsam trailhead to Shining Rock Wilderness; 8.6 miles, loop

The Blue Ridge Mountains have the East's highest peaks, at over 6,000 feet, and this trail, starting from the Black Balsam parking lot, takes you straight to a 360-degree vantage point of the most dramatic ones, including Cold Mountain. In late fall, the hillsides are awash in reds and oranges. "Most people do this as an out-and-back, but it's better to make it a loop by using the Ivester Gap Trail," says Jennifer Pharr Davis, owner of Blue Ridge Hiking Company. The trail will put you beneath the forest canopy rather than above it, and if the timing's right, the leaves will rain down on you.

APRÈS HIKE It's an hour's drive to Asheville along the ridiculously scenic Blue Ridge Parkway, a worthy pursuit even without the legendary baby back ribs awaiting you at 12 Bones Smokehouse.



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OVERNIGHT HIKES

**ARIZONA TRAIL** Arizona

Kaibab National Forest Boundary to Telephone Hill; 21.4 miles, point to point

This segment of the 800-mile-long Arizona Trail traverses the Kaibab Plateau's aspen and spruce forests, with impossibly scenic views of the Grand Canyon. "Part of the trail passes by the East Rim viewpoint," says Matt Nelson of the Arizona Trail Association. "You're hiking in this dense forest, and then without any warning, you're at the edge of one of the most dramatic landscapes on Earth." Despite being next to the 6,000-foot-deep canyon, the trail is relatively level, making it an easy hike. And on a clear day, you can see 40 miles to the Utah border, with its red-hued Vermillion Cliffs.

WHERE TO CAMP Upper Tater Canyon is 10 miles in, with a wide-open meadow. Just make sure to fill up on water at the cistern two miles prior; it's the only water source before camp.

**EXPERT ADVICE****WHITNEY LARUFFA**

President of the American Long Distance Hiking Association

Fall is a great time to harvest huckleberries, blueberries, and mushrooms. Consider taking a mushroom-harvesting course or pick up *Mushrooms Demystified*. In the Northwest, there's nothing that can kill you, but you can get sick. Unless you're going into the backcountry with a big pack, avoid traditional hiking boots. Wear nice light hiking sneakers or trail-running shoes. One pound on your feet is equivalent to 10 on your back.



Washington's Goat Rocks Wilderness has dozens of small alpine lakes to pitch a tent along.

PACIFIC CREST TRAIL Washington

Old Snowy Mountain; 14.2 miles, out and back

This two-day hike takes in all of the best of the Northwest, from towering, moss-covered pine trees to subalpine wildflower meadows. The route up Old Snowy Mountain is full of loose rocks, making it feel more challenging than it is, but the reward is a bird's-eye view of the Goat Rocks Wilderness and the Cascade Mountains to the north. "You can see all the way to Mount Rainier," says Portland, Oregon's Whitney LaRuffa, of the American Long Distance Hiking Association. Fall conditions tend to be dry, but a rainstorm is never out of

the question — which means snow at high elevations. "Anytime you're going above tree line at this time of year, bring a sturdy, waterproof jacket and pants, and an insulation layer," says LaRuffa.

WHERE TO CAMP Snowgrass Flats, about four miles, is one of the few flat spots along the trail, so it's an ideal base camp. Hike in from the Snowgrass Flats trailhead and set up your tent there, then leave the heavier camp gear behind for the ascent up Old Snowy.

APPALACHIAN TRAIL Virginia

Elk Garden to Grayson Highlands State Park; 20 miles, out and back

There's no more iconic trail in the U.S. than the 2,200-mile Appalachian Trail, and this section, which begins at the high-mountain gap known as Elk Garden, offers some of the best late-fall color in the country. It's also one of the few places in the southern Appalachian Mountains that affords sweeping views of the surrounding hillsides, thanks to mountaintop balds — crests that are covered in grass and low wildflowers instead of trees. "It's the only place on the

Appalachian Trail that reminds me of out West," says Warren Doyle, director of the Appalachian Trail Institute. "Rocky outcrops, wide-open spaces, people on horseback — it almost feels like Montana."

WHERE TO CAMP Overnight in Grayson Highlands State Park at the Wilson Creek/Wise Shelter, which is a popular spot for AT thru-hikers — who'll be long gone by this time of year.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JUSTIN BAILE/TANDEM STOCK; ETHAN WELTY/TANDEM STOCK; GETTY IMAGES; WHITNEY LARUFFA



EXPERT ADVICE

SCOTT JUREK

Ultrarunner who set the fastest time on the Appalachian Trail, in July

Fall foliage is beautiful, but leaves on the trail hide rocks and other debris. Ankle strength and proprioception (your body's ability to sense where it is in space) can be the difference between rolling your ankle and having it bounce back or being grounded by a sprain. To prepare, add one-legged balance exercises on a wobble board to your routine. When it gets easy, try it with your eyes closed. Also, I'd do step-ups on boxes or high platforms — you can also use resistance bands — to mimic walking in mud.



PINHOTI TRAIL Alabama

Porters Gap to Cheaha State Park; 26.3 miles, point to point

"Think of the Pinhoti Trail as a mini Appalachian Trail," says Jennifer Pharr Davis, owner of Blue Ridge Hiking Company. "The path is shorter and the mountains aren't as high, but the biodiversity and geological features are all there. Plus, the trees turn later in Alabama, which means you can chase fall colors further into the season." At this time of the year, you'll also see more wild turkeys and white-tailed deer — and migrating red-tailed hawks and peregrine falcons — than hikers. At 26.3 miles long, the Pinhoti Trail lends itself to a perfect three-day weekend, hiking a half-day Friday, a full day Saturday, and Sunday morning, then revitalizing your legs at the end with a soak in the cold mountain water at Cheaha Lake.

HOW TO DO IT You'll need to organize your own car shuttle to hike point to point, but there are plenty of camp spots; and September is the driest month, so you can ditch the heavy rain gear and extras layers and even sleep outside the tent.

OZARK TRAIL Missouri

Taum Sauk section; 36 miles, point to point

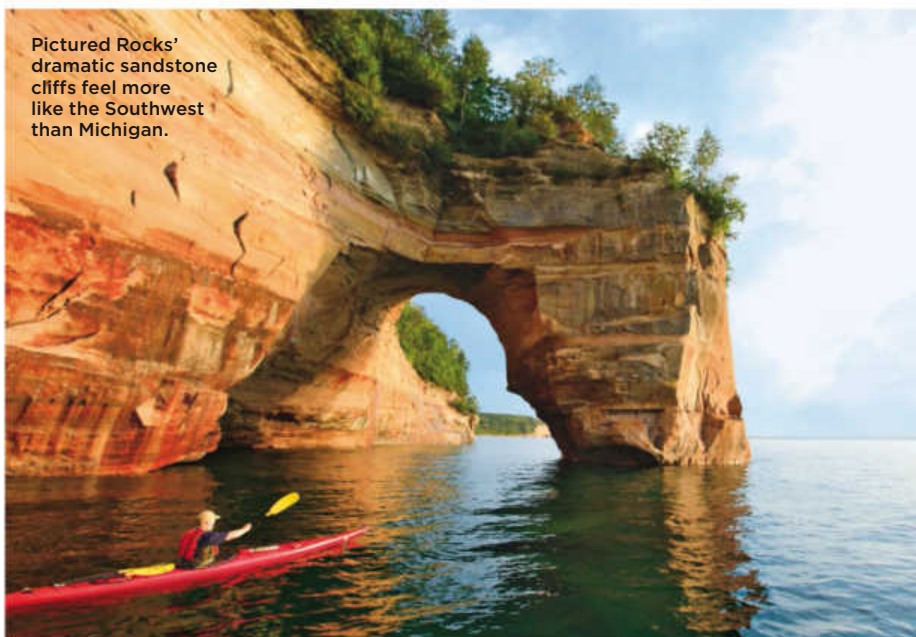
This section of the Ozark Trail, two hours south of St. Louis, crosses through the heart of the 1.4 billion-year-old St. Francois Mountains, covered in an oak and hickory forest that lights up come fall. The trail is impressively rugged, and you'll need at least four days to complete it. But the sites are worth the effort. "You'll pass Mina Sauk Falls, which is a series of cascades 132 feet high," says Matt Atnip, of the Ozark Trail Association, "and Devil's Tollgate, where the trail threads through 30-foot-high volcanic rock walls — it's like walking through to Middle-Earth."

HOW TO DO IT Backcountry camping is allowed most places along the route but, says Atnip, "there are long stretches on the hillsides with no water." Keep your bottles full by camping along Padfield Branch Creek (mile 6), then at Black River (mile 15.5), and at Taum Sauk Creek (mile 26.5).



MULTIDAY HIKES

Pictured Rocks' dramatic sandstone cliffs feel more like the Southwest than Michigan.



THE NORTH COUNTRY TRAIL Michigan

Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore; 42 miles, point to point

The North Country Trail stretches for 40-odd miles on the south shore of Lake Superior, in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, and you'll need four days to trek it. The payoff is Caribbean-blue water along Northwoods forests lit up by red and yellow maple trees. From the shore town of Grand Marais, the trail crosses 12 miles of white-sand beaches, then skirts the edge of Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore, with sandstone cliffs dropping 200 feet to the lake. Fourteen designated backcountry campsites line the route, so finding

a spot is easy. "Definitely camp at Mosquito Beach," says Bill Thompson, co-owner of Downwind Sports, in nearby Marquette. "It's incredibly pretty and faces west, so you can watch the sun drop into Lake Superior."

HOW TO DO IT To hike it point to point, use the Alger County Transit's backpacker shuttle, which will pick you up at the trail's end, at the Munising Falls Interpretive Center, and drop you off at the start (\$20; altranbus.com).

After Everest

In 1996, Beck Weathers was left for dead at 26,000 feet. Now, in the new movie *Everest*, he'll relive his harrowing survival tale.

by ERIC BENSON

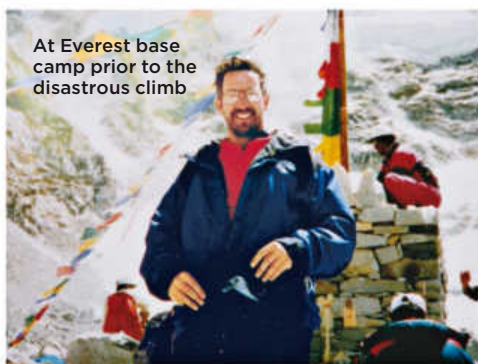
ON THE NIGHT OF May 10, 1996, Beck Weathers huddled with 10 other climbers on an exposed stretch of Mount Everest, 26,000 feet above sea level. A blizzard churned the air into a slurry of ice and snow. Their supplemental oxygen was fully depleted, and they struggled for each breath. They yelled at one another and pounded on each other's shoulders to stay warm and conscious. Even a wink of sleep could prove fatal.

Weathers, a 49-year-old Dallas pathologist, was worse off than most. Earlier that day, he'd gone almost entirely blind — the altitude-induced effect of a recent corneal operation — and as the sun set, his body temperature dropped and his heart slowed. He then slipped from consciousness. "I don't remember this," Weathers says, "but at some point I stood up and announced, 'I got this figured out!' Then the wind hit me in the chest, and I went flying backward." At the time, they seemed like last words.

Weathers was hardly the only imperiled climber on Everest that night. Similar life-and-death dramas were taking place all over the upper reaches of the mountain. In the end, eight climbers, including Weathers' lead guide, Rob Hall, would die. It would prove to be the deadliest event in Everest's history up to that point, and it soon became the most famous, garnering headlines and being immortalized in Jon Krakauer's 1997 bestseller, *Into Thin Air* — and now, *Everest*, an Imax film starring Jake Gyllenhaal, Jason Clarke, and, as Weathers, Josh Brolin.

While Weathers lay in the snow on Everest's South Col, most of the climbers in his group were escorted to safety. But both times rescuers reached Weathers, they deemed him a lost cause. He was breathing but appeared to be in a deep hypothermic coma, as good as gone. At 6 the next morning, Weathers' wife, Peach, got a call from his outfitter, Adventure Consultants. They were sorry to inform her that her husband was dead.

NINETEEN YEARS LATER, Weathers, now 68, sits in his spacious North Dallas home. There are no mountaineering mementos on



the walls — no pictures of Weathers braving the Vinson Massif or the Carstensz Pyramid, no crampons or climbing ropes. The only object that evokes his mountaineering past is a photo of his post-Everest reunion with Peach — his hands covered in bandages, his cheeks and nose charred black by frostbite.

Weathers' body is testament enough. His right arm, decimated by frostbite, was amputated between the elbow and the wrist. His left hand, robbed of all its fingers, has

been surgically reshaped into an appendage that Weathers calls his "mitt." His nose has been completely rebuilt. It was constructed with skin from his neck and cartilage from his ears and, in a particularly surreal detail, grown on his forehead for months until it could become fully vascularized. (It was then sliced off and attached to his face.) His joints are creaky. His circulation is poor. He once worked out 18 hours a week, but now he gets his exercise by walking through a local mall. "I'm just ripping a corner around Nieman Marcus ladies wear, and I think to myself, 'How the mighty have fallen!'" he says, laughing.

As soon as Weathers was off the mountain, it was clear to him that Everest would leave a deep mark on his life. But, he figured, "accidents occur on mountains all the time. There was no reason to imagine that this was going to capture the imagination the way it did."

But Weathers' story of survival has turned him into something of a celebrity.

BOTTOM: COURTESY OF BECK WEATHERS

He has gone to the British Virgin Islands at the invitation of Richard Branson and to Hollywood, where he had a three-hour Jack Daniels-fueled bull session with Brolin, as the actor prepared for his *Everest* role. Weathers gets recognized by people who have been moved by his story, whether he's at home in Dallas or in a small village in northern India. And, for the last 15 years, he has told his story professionally as an inspirational speaker. (His big-league bookings this year included co-headlining the National Automobile Dealers Association's annual conference with Jeb Bush and Jay Leno.)

"People like Beck make me cry," Brolin says when I ask about his own attraction to Weathers' story. "There's something I find so moving about his experience. There were hundred-mile-an-hour winds; it was a hundred below zero — how did he survive after so many hours exposed to that? It's just not possible. There are still 200 bodies left up there that people are walking past all the time. Why isn't he one of them?"

TWENTY-TWO HOURS after the start of the catastrophic storm and 15 hours after he entered the hypothermic coma, Weathers' body warmed to the point at which he miraculously regained consciousness. His first thought was that he might be back in Dallas. Then he saw his right hand. It was lifeless and gray — a piece of frozen meat. He whacked it against the ice, and it made a hollow sound. He was not in Texas; he was on Everest's South Col, and he needed to start moving.

"I looked up and the sun was about 15 degrees above the horizon and heading down," Weathers says. "So I knew that I had one more hour to live. Nobody has ever survived two nights on Everest outside."

Weathers set off in what he hoped was the direction of High Camp, where an hour later, he stumbled to safety. No one in camp thought he'd survive, but he regained some strength, and the next day, began an assisted descent, cracking jokes on the way. ("They told me this trip was going to cost an arm and a leg," Weathers said. "So far I've gotten a better deal.") He made it to the Khumbu Ice Fall, just below 20,000 feet, where a Nepalese army helicopter picked him up.

Weathers emerged as the Everest disaster's most unlikely hero. In *Into Thin Air*, Krakauer, who was one of Weathers' Adventure Consultants teammates, writes, "At first blush Beck came across as a rich Republican blowhard looking to buy the summit of Everest for his



Upon his return from Everest, Beck and Peach in 1996

"I KNEW I HAD ONE MORE HOUR TO LIVE. NOBODY'S SURVIVED TWO NIGHTS ON EVEREST OUTSIDE."

trophy case." But the more time Krakauer spent with Weathers, the more he came to respect him. By the end of the climb, Krakauer regarded him as "tough, driven, stoic.... Beck had simply refused to succumb."

Krakauer didn't know the half of it. As Weathers revealed in his own book, *Left for Dead*, for two decades before his Everest climb, he had battled a serious and at times life-threatening depression. The mountains were his only salvation from what he called "the black dog," the one place where he had a real sense of happiness and peace. ("Everything else in your entire life disappears, and it's just one step after the other," he says.) He'd been a committed motorcyclist and sailor but had gotten hooked on climbing on a trip to Rocky Mountain National Park when he was 40. He soon was pushing himself toward loftier, ever more treacherous goals — almost always at the expense of family life. He would wake up at 4 AM to exercise, spend all day working at the hospital, then barely nod hello when he got home before dropping into bed at 8 PM. He would take multiweek trips to places like the Indonesian province of Papua and the Kabardino-Balkar Republic to climb the seven summits, the tallest mountain on each continent. Even on vacations with Peach

and their two kids, Weathers would spend time training or hiking.

Peach told her husband that his climbing was eroding their life together, but Weathers persisted. It had long since ceased being purely therapeutic. Weathers' depression had "slunk off," and now climbing was about ego, what Weathers calls, "my hollow obsession." By the time of the Everest ascent, Peach decided she could no longer take it and planned to divorce her husband as soon as he returned. But after his near-death ordeal, she gave him another chance: "If you can prove to me in a year that you're a different person, we'll talk about it." Weathers saw what his future held if he continued on his pre-Everest path: "I had absolutely no doubt I'd end up as the most successful lonely guy I knew — divorced, estranged from kids, miserable."

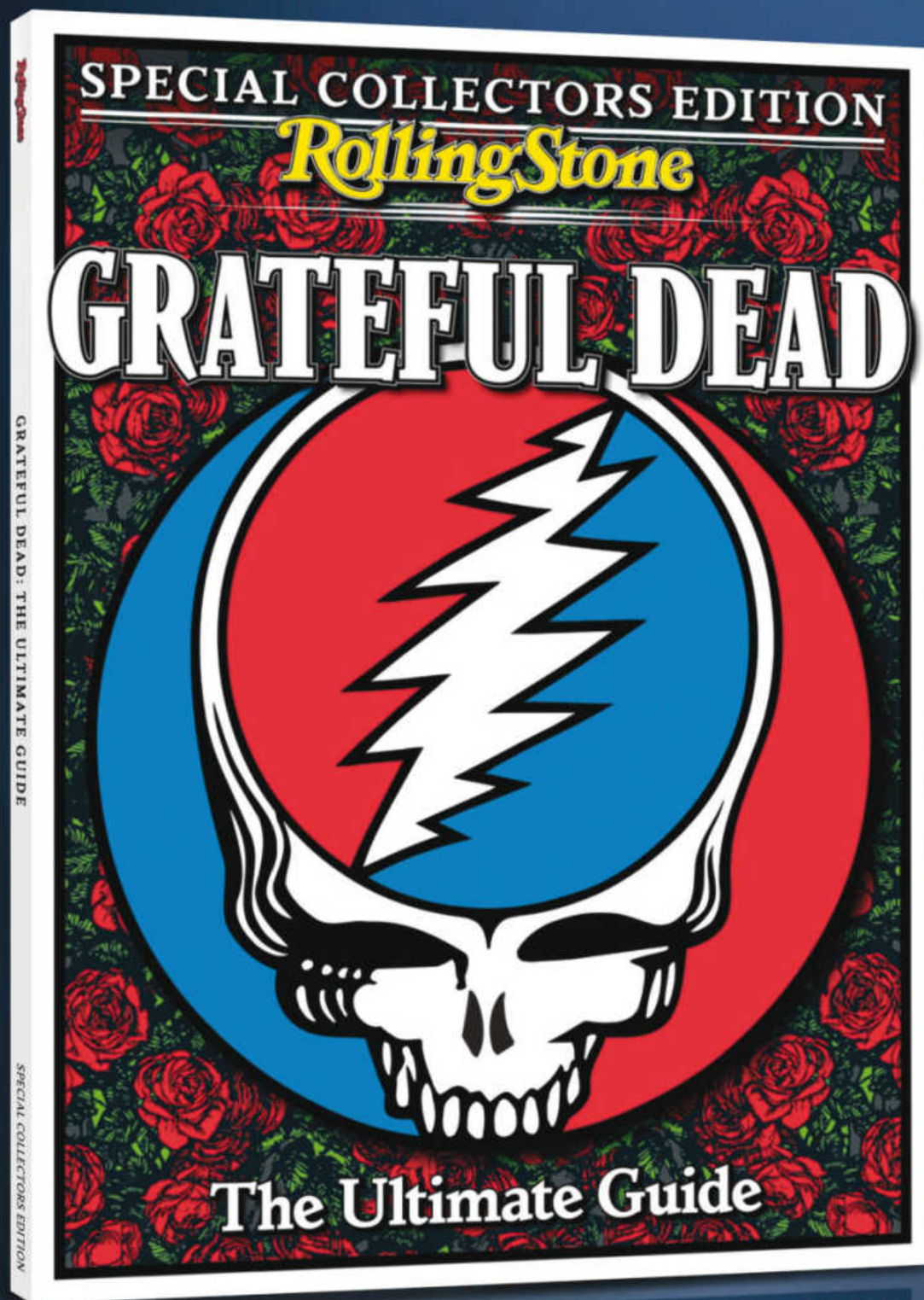
WEATHERS' HOUSE MAY lack evidence of his mountaineering past, but it does attest to his post-Everest transformation. When I arrive on a Saturday, Peach and her daughter-in-law are trying to corral one of the cats. The den is full of their grandson's toys, and Beck is in the middle of it all. "He's not constantly distracted," Peach says. "He's not constantly looking forward to something else."

Metamorphosis is not simple work, though. About a decade ago, Weathers, no longer able to climb, decided that he might as well pursue a new hobby: flying. Risky, adrenaline-spiking pursuits had, of course, caused problems for Weathers before, but he loved getting in the cockpit of his Cessna 182-Turbo. "When I heard that, it solidified everything for me," Brolin told me. "Hands or no hands, this guy has to do something."

Peach worried that it wasn't safe for her husband to be flying and let her husband know his exploits were once again driving a wedge between him and his family. Nearing 70 years old, Weathers figured it was time to bow to his wife's better judgment.

"You would think that undergoing something as life-changing as Everest would just permanently alter you," Weathers says. "But when you've spent 50 years with a certain form of driven behavior, it's pretty difficult to turn that around."

Weathers will always be a work in progress, never a man who will instinctually stop and smell the roses if there's a jagged column of ice looming on the horizon. But he is trying. And the interviews and the speeches and the not-so-gentle admonishments from Peach are helping. "Reliving it over and over," he tells me, "it brings the lessons back." ■



ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

Also available at bn.com/rsgratefuldead.



In May, the American sailors took on the Cubans in the first regatta between the countries in 50 years.

Cuban Invasion

How a group of rum-guzzling Key West sailors crossed 100 miles to Havana — and became America's most unlikely ambassadors. **by LARRY PLATT**

MIDWAY BETWEEN Key West, Florida, and Cuba, bouncing on 10-foot waves, George Bellenger is a blip on Coast Guard radar screens. In his 16-foot Hobie Cat, he probably wouldn't even be seen by a passing vessel if something went wrong.

"It's a fine line between exhilaration and catastrophe," he says.

It's early May, and Bellenger, 53, is five hours into the crossing, sailing at 10 miles per hour for Havana's Hemingway Marina. Two of the other five sailors making the same trip have been hauled to shore by rescue boats. One, 58-year-old Jeff Stotts, found himself dog-paddling in the water after a wave capsized his boat. Another experienced schooner captain, Seth Salzmann, 31, had been keeping a brisk pace when, "Boom! We crashed into a wall," he says. The wall, which nearly shattered his catamaran, was either a whale or a shark — it was never clear which — and Salzmann was left at sea frantically duct-taping broken pieces of his boat back together.

"If I didn't have a life jacket on," Salzmann says, "I'd have broken my ribs."

Bellenger has made this crossing five times before, starting in 1996. This trip, however, is different for a simple reason: It's legal. It's actually the first-ever government-permitted crossing since Fidel Castro came to power, in 1959, and it's the first leg of what Bellenger calls the Havana Challenge. Once they arrive in Cuba, Bellenger and the others will take on the Cuban National Sailing Team

in one of the first official sporting matches between the countries in 50 years.

Bellenger received a permit for the trip shortly after the Obama and Raúl Castro administrations announced plans to restore official relations last December. By summer's end, embassies will have opened in each country, but the regatta, in May, was one of the first clear signs of the thaw. And Bellenger — the lifelong Deadhead who runs an ecotourism company in Key West — is America's most implausible envoy.

"Ronald Reagan had his 'backpack diplomacy,'" says Bellenger, "sending college kids behind the Iron Curtain. Well, this is Hobie Cat diplomacy — Cubans see us pull up on our little boats and they start smiling."



Bellenger and Weatherby on a tour of Havana in the back of a 1957 Ford Fairlane.

IN 1996, when Bellenger and his college friend Joe Weatherby first made the voyage, they didn't have chase boats, a rescue contingency, or a working GPS. Bellenger didn't even bother to bring his passport. The two simply decided that they could make it, then set off. When they landed, they were greeted by machine gun-toting police at Cuba's Hemingway Marina.

Luckily, Weatherby had a carton of Marlboros, and soon they were smoking with the Cuban customs officials while being interrogated. Their punishment

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Bellenger and Weatherby first sailed to Cuba in 1996. It took a year to forget “how shit-scared I was,” says Weatherby.

was to stay confined to the marina for 72 hours before sailing home. Bored, they jumped the marina wall and hailed a cab to Old Havana, where they partied all night, returning before sunrise.

“That’s when we fell in love with Cuba,” Weatherby says. “Everywhere was a party.”

The surreptitious midnight runs continued over the years, with Weatherby and Bellenger often confronting 20-foot swells and 30-mile-per-hour crosswinds. On one trip, Commodore José Miguel Díaz Escrich, of Havana’s Club Náutico Internacional Hemingway, discovered them sleeping under the stars on their Hobie Cats. “Why don’t you get a bigger boat?” he asked.

Bellenger said he couldn’t afford it — the two had purchased their boats for less than 50 bucks and fixed them up themselves.

“I moved to Key West with \$10 in my pocket,” Bellenger explained. “I’ve turned that into \$100. That’s a 5 percent return, man.”

Soon the duo’s presence prompted smiles instead of suspicion, and they were able to get on with their real mission: drinking Havana Club rum, smoking Montecristo cigars, and soaking up the Cuban experience.

In 2000, Bellenger and 17 buddies returned to Cuba for his bachelor party, getting through customs this time by posing as French archaeologists. They made the trip on a 35-foot dive boat stocked with beer, softballs, bats, and gloves. Once ashore, they loaded the beer into a wheelbarrow and rolled it onto a baseball field. When enough locals showed up, they picked teams and played softball until dark. Afterward, they gave all the gear to a group of local kids.

“It was the bachelor party of all bachelor parties,” Bellenger says, “even if I did miss my own rehearsal dinner.”

THIS TRIP, THE AMERICANS are celebrities. After 10 and a half hours of being tossed around at sea, Bellenger is the first to reach

Cuba — at the very dock where the police had met him nearly 20 years ago. Now some of those same customs agents are all smiles.

“It’s like being greeted by old friends,” Bellenger says.

The second leg of the Havana Challenge, the sailing regatta against the Cuban national team, has become the talk of state-run TV. When Bellenger and Weatherby walk the narrow cobblestoned streets of Old Havana, smiling locals point to them. “Regatta!” they shout. As they tool around in the backseat of a ’57 Ford Fairlane cab, Cubans flock to the car. “Obama! Obama!” they yell.

At El Floridita, where the daiquiri was invented, Bellenger and Weatherby meet up with their friend Pat Croce, the former owner of the Philadelphia 76ers and one of the challenge’s organizers. (It was Croce’s connection to Joe Biden that helped secure the permitting.) Croce owns six bars and restaurants in Key West, and a few years back he led the expedition that discovered the shipwrecked remains of his swashbuckling hero, the buccaneer Sir Francis Drake.

“I don’t think I could do what you guys did, crossing on those little boats,” says Croce, raising his daiquiri in a toast.

“That’s high praise,” Weatherby says, “‘cause you’ve done a lot of stupid shit!” Every time he crossed, says Weatherby, it took at least a year to forget “how shit-scared I was.”

On the night of the regatta, the Cuban media amasses for a press conference. The country has adopted the American sailors as their unofficial ambassadors, and when Commodore Escrich takes the microphone, he singles out Bellenger and Weatherby, the two Key West vagabonds who wouldn’t stop washing up on his shores. “My heart fills with joy and happiness,” he says, “because we are bringing together Key West and Havana.”

Bellenger, though, is in no mood for sentimentality or statecraft. “We are the Key West Association of Catamaran Sailors: KWACS,” he says, making sure to deliberately enunciate the acronym. “What we do is we sail these small boats between Key West and Havana. For fun.”

Once the race starts, it’s clear the Americans are outmatched, and the Cuban team, made up of experienced sailors on state-owned boats, mops up. Bellenger finishes fifth, first among the Americans. Later that night, the boys are back at the bar, drinking and talking about their plans to bring the Hobie Cat races to other countries with strained U.S. relations (and good liquor).

“We’re bridging cultures through traditional maritime heritage,” says Bellenger, and then he and Weatherby share a laugh. “That’s our company line for the press, but when it’s just us at the bar, what we really say is, ‘We’re badass motherfuckers.’” ■

COURTESY OF GEORGE BELLENGER

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Flying by the Sun

The longest solo flight in history, a 5,000-mile journey across the Pacific, was powered entirely by solar cells. **by DAVID BROWNE**

SWISS PILOT **ANDRÉ BORSCHBERG** was soaring confidently over the Pacific, halfway through a five-day flight from Japan to Hawaii, when he glanced at his control panel. What he saw was alarming: 105 degrees. That's how hot the batteries on his plane had become. And day by day he saw the number rise, eventually to an ominous 140 degrees.

"The temperature was right in front of me, and I saw it every moment," he recalls. "I was definitely worried."

Borschberg had reason to be: His plane, the Solar Impulse 2, is powered entirely by those solar-charged batteries, and a loss of power would mean a slow descent and crash in the middle of the ocean. By the time the plane set down in Honolulu after 118 hours — nearly five straight days — it had smashed the record for the world's longest solo flight. It also became the first solar-powered plane to fly such a distance, more than 5,000 miles.

"Can you imagine?" says Swiss explorer Bertrand Piccard, Borschberg's partner and alternating pilot. "An airplane with no fuel can fly longer than an airplane with fuel."

The plane — which has 17,248 solar cells covering its wings, tail, and fuselage — is the brainchild of Piccard. A psychiatrist who comes from a family of Swiss adventurers, Piccard made his mark in 1999 as the first man to travel the world nonstop in a balloon, which took more than 19 days. But he'd long held on to a fantasy of being able to "fly forever" via solar power.

"I was a psychiatrist in a medical practice, and I treated one person at a time," he says. "Now I do it on a bigger scale: Clean and renewable energy is like a therapy for our society."

With Borschberg on board as his partner, Piccard set out on a decadelong journey to prove that the sun's energy could power a plane. To fly forever — or as close to it as possible — the plane would need to ascend to 28,000 feet during the day to collect solar energy, then

slowly descend at night while running on battery power, and then repeat the process. After successful tests with the first Solar Impulse plane in 2010, which included a night flight over Europe, construction of the second, larger Solar Impulse 2 began soon after. The goal was an around-the-world tour highlighted by the record-breaking Pacific flight.

"If you want to do something for the environment," Piccard says, "you have to show that it can be spectacular and sexy."

In March, the two men set off from Abu Dhabi, alternating flying the single-seater. After stops in Oman, India, and China, Borschberg was scheduled to fly directly from China to Hawaii, the longest leg of the journey. But bad weather forced him to land in Japan, and the plane was grounded for a month after sustaining damage from wind and rain. With carbon fiber wings longer than a 747's, the plane — which has a top speed of 40 miles per hour — is extremely delicate.

When he eventually left Japan, the autopilot warning system, which would allow him to take naps during the flight, failed to kick in. "All the engineers said, 'You have to go back to Japan,'" says Borschberg. But the team devised a primitive workaround: Every 20 minutes they would place an alarm clock next to a microphone at mission control, waking up Borschberg with a loud buzz.

Besides that, the flight seemed to be going smoothly, at least until the battery temps started rising. Borschberg had tested the team's repairs to the wings by making two consecutive ascents after taking off from Japan. The climbs put added strain on the batteries, and Piccard and Borschberg didn't realize how serious the issue was until the plane landed in Hawaii: The batteries had actually begun to boil and turn gaseous.

The plane is now grounded for several months while new ones are installed. So the next leg of the flight — across the second half of the Pacific, then over the States and ending in Abu Dhabi — will be delayed until spring. But even with that setback, Piccard says he's already proved his point about solar power.

"We have to start by showing what's possible," he says. "And once the door is open, the unknown can be understood." ■



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The ingenious **Hook & Albert Garment Weekender** lays flat to store a suit in its built-in garment bag but still has the deep body of a duffel, plus pockets for shoes and accessories. "I was carrying three bags for a two-night trip," explains co-founder Adam Schoenberg. "So we brainstormed a bag to hold all my stuff." \$395; hookandalbert.com



The Time-Tested Ax

Since 1697, Hults Bruk has been hand-forging axes in Sweden, and they're finally available in the U.S. The hickory-handled **Kisa** has a 1.75-pound head, powerful enough to drop a tree, and it's compact enough to fit in your car for a camping trip. \$154; hultsbruk1697.se



High Design for Your Hound

The midcentury modern **Puphaus** is made of red cedar and cement board to last years outdoors, but ships flat-packed like Ikea furniture and snaps together in just five steps. "You don't need an Allen wrench," says co-designer Zach Griggs. \$990; pyramddesignco.com



The Elegant Loudspeakers

With its cabinet inspired by the iconic Eames chair, the **Davone Ray-S** is an opulent addition to any living room. And its sound will more than fill the space, thanks to a new three-way speaker designed for less distortion at higher volumes. \$8,600; davoneaudiousa.com



Cartoons for Conservation

Ralph Steadman's distinctive illustrations fill **Nextinction**, a book to raise awareness about endangered birds — most real, some dreamed up by Steadman himself. Entertaining, if bizarre, conversations with filmmaker and writer Ceri Levy fill the margins. \$50; amazon.com

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Desert Boots Step Up

The desert boot (or chukka) pairs with everything from denim to casual suits

by SEAN HOTCHKISS

SOCKS THAT POP

Chukkas, because they hit just above your ankle, show off less sock than loafers. So try something daring, like these colorful pairs.

1

CLARKS (\$130)

After serving in the British army in Burma in 1941, Nathan Clark took the lightweight, two-eyelet design he noticed officers wearing back to the U.K. and patented it. This sand-colored, ankle-height suede boot bears his name and is as close to the original as it gets.

2

TOMMY HILFIGER (\$120)

Over the years, desert boots have broadened their palette while retaining their iconic shape. "I wore desert boots in high school," says designer Tommy Hilfiger. "And I'm still wearing them now." His navy suede boots have a modern, streamlined shape.

3

COLE HAAN (\$268)

Cole Haan swapped the desert boot's traditional soft crepe sole for a sturdy leather-and-rubber base and combined it with a waterproof-

suede construction. "These are the ultimate fall travel shoes," says David Maddocks of Cole Haan. "Wear them with a flannel suit, and then leave town in a pair of jeans."

4

BANANA REPUBLIC (\$168)

These desert boots are ideal for a casual suit. "We used a waxy green suede that feels very polished," says Michael Anderson, SVP of men's design at Banana Republic. "They look great worn to work or at dinner with a blazer and chinos."

5

SEAVEES (\$178)

The original desert-boot champion was the ever-stylish Steve McQueen, who wore them every chance he got. Like McQueen, you can wear a classic brown pair — like these suede and leather boots from California label Seavees — with practically everything you own.

SOCKS: 1. NICE LAUNDRY (\$49 FOR SIX PAIRS); 2. PAIR OF THIEVES (\$10); 3. RICHER POORER (\$12); 4. HOOK & ALBERT (\$30); 5. STANCE (\$40); STYLING BY YOLANDE GAGNIER



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The Crossover Steps Up

Three capable compacts defy the notion that they're the worst of both worlds. **by JESSE WILL**



Blacked-out rear pillars on the CX-3 up its visual drama.

CROSSOVERS are white-hot. The vehicles, which have the commanding seat height of SUVs but are built on car-based platforms, are surging at roughly the same rate that sedan sales are tanking. But that doesn't make them good. As a trade-off for that ride height, drivers are often punished with sloppy driving dynamics, poor rear sight lines, and no more storage space than a comparable compact. So you might think the new class of cheaper, smaller subcompact crossovers (with lengths about 10 inches shorter than a Ford Escape) would fare even worse. Not so: Three taut, functional, and fun examples challenge everything you thought about them. Here's how:

MYTH 1 They're a snooze to drive.

It's fair to say that Mazda is the car world's best-kept secret. It accounts for about 2 percent of the cars sold in the U.S., despite putting out a fleet of consistently affordable, fuel-efficient vehicles that offer a tangible connection with the road many somnambulant competitors lack. The **CX-3** (from \$20,840), its first subcompact crossover, doesn't drop the plot. It's a jolt to drive in a way crossovers haven't been before. Much of its vigor comes courtesy of a rigid chassis made chiefly from high-strength steel that gives it a taut feel as well as a weight drop: The CX-3 checks in at under 3,000 pounds and gets 35 mpg on the highway. Though its two-liter, four-cylinder engine's 146 horsepower won't fool you into thinking you're piloting a pricey German sports car, the six-speed automatic transmission will. In "sport" mode it can cling to a lower gear when it detects you're driving in a spirited manner, making more power available quicker. Also impressive: its minimal-luxe interior and array of tech (predictive all-wheel drive, a heads-up display, smart brakes). Mazda's made it known that the subcompact crossover no longer means cut-rate.



Seven-slot grille: a family tradition

MYTH 2 They can't go off-road.

The tiny **Jeep Renegade Trailhawk** is built in Italy on the bones of Fiat's 500X, but that doesn't mean the most challenging passage it can handle is a cobblestoned street in Florence. In fact, unless your idea of fun is picking over petrified Moab sand dunes with a wheel or two off the ground, the Trailhawk (from \$26,990) has all the off-road capabilities you're likely to need. Five no-bullshit drive modes (auto, snow, sand, mud, and rock) are at the ready on a console-mounted dial, and alter throttle response, gear selection, torque distribution,

and more. An "active drive low" mode enables it to crawl extremely slow in first gear (great for climbing even the hairiest gravel drive). But the best feature of the Renegade? Unlike its brawnier stablemate, the Wrangler, it acts refined on the highway, with less wind noise. Better aerodynamics and a nine-speed automatic lift the Trailhawk to 29 mpg highway, compared with the Wrangler's 21. And a pair of novel pop-out roof panels let you drive in open air. So pack a picnic — maybe a bottle of verdicchio and soppressata — and hit the trail.



Though higher, the HR-V looks sportier (and less awkward) than the Fit, the car it's based on.

MYTH 3

They won't haul a bunch of gear.



Shoehorning a 50-inch plasma TV into a Volkswagen Beetle is one of my proudest accomplishments, but the dangerously squished drive home from Best Buy was nearly my last. Such hauls are no big deal for the **Honda HR-V** (from \$19,995); it's a marvel of spatial efficiency. An innovative architecture tucks the gas tank under the front seats, enabling you to perform acrobatics with the rear to allow nearly 56 cubic feet of cargo space and carry, in turn, a surfboard, a mountain bike, and big yard-sale scores. Since it's available with all-wheel drive, it's the easy-parking urban runabout built for adventuring on the weekend.



CADDY'S SMALL WONDER

Now we'll turn away from crossovers to something fast: the Cadillac ATS-V (from \$60,465). It's the brand's first high-performance compact, powered by a 464-hp twin-turbo V-6 and bolstered by all manner of reworked aero. A drive on Austin's COTA F1 racetrack proved it insanely quick, its Brembo brakes track-capable. The truth? Few people who buy one will actually track it. That's just fine: A spin on New York City roads proved the real world is where the ATS-V shines, thanks to a magnetic-ride suspension that telegraphs just the right amount of road-feel without killing comfort. It's the kind of pitch-perfect suspension tuning you'd expect from a sports car two or three times its price.

Gear Racks Get Smart

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STRAP IT ON

If your adventures go from surf to snow, the **Otium SoftRack** is key. Two chunks of EPP foam wrapped in waterproof canvas hold skis, boats, and boards, plus they secure to any roof with seat belt-like straps. \$160; otiumoutdoors.com



BIG BOX STORAGE

Inevitably the gear you need outgrows even the most generous trunks, but the lockable 13-cubic-foot **Rhino-Rack Zenith Cargo Box** will swallow the overflow. The four removable mounts fit almost any crossbar in seconds. \$659; rhinorack.ca

SPORTS

During games, coaches can use real-time data to monitor a player's speed and make critical substitutions.

In 2014, 68 billion bytes of data were collected on player location, motion, and acceleration. This year, it will double.

Football balls outfitted with tracking chips can measure velocity, accuracy, and number of throws. Someday they may even settle goal-line disputes.

The sensors are applied in practice to measure and manage a player's workload, to avoid injuries and detect slacking.

The NFL's Data Revolution

Every player in the league now has two coin-size chips attached to his shoulder pads. Here's how the signals they send will change the game. **by MIKE RUBIN**

LAST SEASON, lost amid the off-field news about domestic violence and scandalously deflated balls, the NFL quietly embarked on the biggest data-mining experiment in sports history. If you saw a stat floating across your TV screen, clocking Houston's J.J. Watt at 19 miles per hour on a fumble recovery for a score, or a graphic showing that Denver's Emmanuel Sanders ran a ridiculous 968 total yards (while gaining 126) during a single game, then you witnessed the debut of what the NFL calls its Next Gen Stats, calculated via two electronic chips embedded in each player's shoulder pads.

Here's how it works: The RFID (radio frequency identification) chips transmit 25

unique signals per second, beaming location, motion, and acceleration info to 20 receivers around the stadium. The system is accurate to within six inches, even in a massive post-fumble pileup. Last year, 18 stadiums were outfitted with the technology; by fall, all 32 will be using it.

"We'll be live and collecting data from every single player, from every single play, from every single game," says Vishal Shah, the NFL's vice president of digital media and business development.

Last season, some 68 billion bytes of data were collected — more than in the previous two decades combined — and this year that number will double. Such a dramatic

increase in data could usher in a revolution for the sport. Coaches will be able to use the technology to track players' effectiveness, monitor workloads, and refine a team's in-game strategies. Broadcasters will use it to unveil fancy new graphics and ever more arcane stats to better explain the game. And fantasy owners will no doubt obsessively dissect the data, looking to glean information on player tendencies before their head coaches can.

Shah even predicts that these numbers could be used by research institutions to study safety measures, by agents to craft performance bonuses, and by clubs to institute player evaluations — or root out slackers.

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"Ultimately, it's that adage 'You can't manage what you can't measure,'" says Shah. "The next step will be deciphering the signals from the noise. What's the most germane, and what can give insights to our game?"

To be clear, the revolution hasn't arrived, at least not yet. Because the system, MotionWorks, wasn't operational leaguewide last year, teams have not been able to explore its full potential. (In fact, the NFL still hasn't decided how and when to turn over the raw data to teams, whether after each game or at the end of the year.) But the ramifications are intriguing enough that the Lions, 49ers, and Saints made an effort to form an early relationship with the firm behind the system, Zebra Technologies, which works with Fortune 500 companies to help improve productivity by tracking goods and materials.

"The initial appeal to me," says Saints head coach Sean Payton, "and it's worth it even if it's just for this — is tracking workload in practice." Monitoring exact exertion for a player can help reduce the number of soft-tissue injuries, like a pulled hamstring. "Knowing how much energy was expended by a player in practice will help me know when to back off," says Payton, "or maybe even do a little more."

That's the fear of some players. After Payton explained to his team that coaches would

now be able to assess their individual workloads — and that, on average, offensive linemen ran four miles less than wide receivers in practice — he caught his linemen walking around in circles after drills. "I had to say, 'Enough of this; stop padding your distance,'" says Payton.

During a game, the system will be able to reveal the exact movements of an offense or a defense, which has been especially hard to do even with assistant coaches charting hundreds of hours of film; all 22 players are in motion on every play, most of them without the ball and many in collision with one another. With the MotionWorks system, coaches can see the exact way a player ran a route or how an opposing team's blitz schemes unfolded in the trenches.

"Without having to watch and chart film, we're essentially going to know how many snaps an opponent's nickel receiver is playing," says Payton. "We're going to see formations in a quicker manner." As an example, Payton points to Detroit Lions wide receiver Golden



Sean Payton was an early adopter of using tech to track workload in practice.

Tate, who's often lined up in the slot position. "I very quickly see that when he's in the slot, he's a primary target," says Payton. "I can see that in my normal studies, but it's valuable to me to be presented with that information at the beginning of the week rather than arrive at it at the end of the week."

The NFL even experimented with putting chips in game balls at the Pro Bowl, and in the future it could offer the potential to reveal exactly how hard a quarterback throws. As Eric Petrosinelli, the general manager of Zebra Technologies points out, the quarterback is the most integral position on any

A Better Way to Manage Your Fantasy Team

You've made your picks, and your roster is set. But to hoist the championship trophy, whether you're playing for fun or in a \$10,000 fantasy league, you're going to need to execute some smart trades throughout the season. "Winning takes

commitment," says Jake Ciely, a senior analyst at RotoExperts Fantasy Sports Network. "But it's really not that hard. All the information is out there; you just have to put in the time." Here's how. —MATTHEW KITCHEN

1 Pick Up Injured Stars Early

Top players inevitably go down, and "their team owner always thinks worst-case scenario," says Ciely. If you have a need at that position, trade for him the weeks after the injury, when the owner is panicking and ready to offload for cheap.

2 Follow the Matchups

"Never bench studs like Marshawn Lynch," Ciely says. "But if you have a second-tier guy going against a top defense, switch him out for a similar player who's going against a worse team. It can make a big difference."

3 Focus on Bargains Rather Than Hot Hands

Random players can have huge games early. "But a big game in week one is no different than in week 10," Ciely says. Rather than acquiring the hot hand, get a player with more touches — more opportunities means more points.

4 Poach Backups Before Your Opponents Do

When another owner's best player goes down, grab the best backup first. "You can block that owner's needs," Ciely says. "But unless you need him on your team, always get rid of him before he plays, in order to get maximum value."

5 Go With the Prime-Time Players

If it's a toss-up between two equal, healthy players, it's more fun to have guys going in prime time. "It's a myth that bright lights bring out the best in players, but it gives you something to root for and it's fun to pull out a last-second win."

6 Know the Impact of Non-Fantasy Players

Receivers are only as good as their quarterbacks, and they are often only as good as their offensive lines. "If a QB is sacked 50 times a season, that means fewer points for him and everyone he's distributing the ball to," Ciely says.

FROM TOP: DERICK E. HINGLE/USA TODAY SPORTS; ELISA/GETTY IMAGES

“KNOWING HOW MUCH ENERGY IS EXPENDED BY A PLAYER IN PRACTICE WILL HELP ME KNOW WHEN TO BACK OFF.”

team, yet “we’ve been sitting here without information about the most important part of their bodies, their arm, and how it’s being taxed.”

For the coming season, fans will primarily experience the arrival of big data through Next Gen Stats. This season’s broadcasts will feature more enhanced graphics and information as new statistics continue to emerge. For instance, the separation between a wide receiver and a defensive back as a play unfolds is one possibility. Another may gauge how much force a runner exerts in the open field versus bowling over a defender on the goal line.

“Past statistics that aired during broadcasts were based on macro events in the game, like a catch or a tackle,” says Jill Stelfox, Zebra’s vice president. “But this is part of a micromovement, like what offensive line pushes the hardest or accelerates the quickest off the line.”

The explosion of raw data will also allow bloggers and freelance statisticians to parse the data and come up with their own numerical assessments (like the Football Outsiders website does with its proprietary stats and fantasy projections). The Next Gen Stats will even be available this season via the NFL’s Xbox One app: A few minutes after a play, animated X’s and O’s depiction of the replay will be shared, along with info like player’s average velocity and top speed. The real-time player tracking also offers potential implications for fantasy football players. “Imagine having some kind of application on your phone,” says Stelfox, “where you literally get to track your player live on the field.”

All of these innovations are in the service of the NFL’s primary goal: keeping fans addicted to the game by offering them even more layers of info to obsess over. But in the end, as always, the most important numbers for true diehards will be the scoreboard.

“I have no interest in how many miles per hour the opponent’s running back goes — or mine,” says Payton. “I just know it was fast enough to score.” ■

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FOOD & DRINK

The End of Takeout

Chef Dale Talde takes the fear factor out of cooking Thai, Korean, and other quick and tasty Asian food.

by LARRY KANTER

WHEN IT COMES TO global cuisine, most home cooks can make Bolognese sauce, a red wine reduction, or fish tacos. But pad thai, wontons, or an authentic ramen soup... not so much. We are happy to devour it in takeout containers, but there's something about Asian cuisine that spooks even accomplished home cooks.

Dale Talde finds this preposterous. He's co-owner of Talde, a hugely popular restaurant in Brooklyn that specializes in what he calls Asian-American fare. Think "phot roast" (Vietnamese beef soup crossed with the American staple); wasabi salsa verde (chimichurri supercharged with a spicy Japanese kick); or sausage, egg, and cheese fried rice (Talde's take on the breakfast sandwich). None of these dishes, as it happens, are particularly difficult to make — a point Talde makes in his splashy new cookbook, *Asian-American: Proudly Inauthentic Recipes From the Philippines to Brooklyn*.

"It's crazy to me that people find this intimidating," Talde says. After all, he points out, once-exotic ingredients like fish sauce, lemongrass, fermented black beans, and dashi powder can increasingly be found at most Whole Foods, local Asian markets, or online. "This stuff is really accessible," Talde says. "You just have to look for it." And the technique could not be simpler: "Get a wok ripping hot, throw everything in, toss for four minutes, then onto the plate. With warm steamed rice."

The key, Talde says, is not to get hung up on the notion of authenticity. He certainly isn't. His pad thai, for example, is made with bacon; a ramen recipe calls for supermarket roast chicken. Those recipes reflect a uniquely schizophrenic culinary background. Raised by Filipino

immigrants in Chicago, the 36-year-old chef would eat stewed oxtails, pig's blood soup with tripe, and pig ears at home. Then, out with friends, it was the city's legendary street food: hot dogs, gyros, pizza, cheese fries. "My parents' house could have been any house in Manila," Talde says. "But my world was made of two different worlds."

Talde trained at the Culinary Institute of America and went on to work for legendary chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten and Masaharu Morimoto, Japan's Iron Chef. Then came a memorable performance on season four of *Top Chef* in 2008. Talde was the show's enfant terrible — brash and hypercompetitive, the guy most likely to punch a wall or cuss out a colleague. Fortunately, he managed to back up the attitude with a series of victories, until an ill-advised attempt at miso-butterscotch scallops got him bounced. ("It looked like a melted candy bar," said a disgusted Anthony Bourdain, one of the judges.)

Post-defeat, Talde retreated to Manhattan, where he struck up a relationship with



Talde at his Brooklyn restaurant



Roast-chicken-dinner ramen

FROM TOP: BRYAN DERBALLA; MEREDITH JENKS

restaurateur David Massoni, a *Top Chef* fan who had recognized him on an East Village street. Massoni helped Talde open his Brooklyn restaurant in 2012 and remains his business partner. They recently opened a second Talde in Jersey City, New Jersey; in November, a third will open in Miami Beach; and talks are under way to bring the concept to more cities nationwide. And if you decide you like the Vietnamese garlic shrimp or the lemongrass pork shoulder, Talde says, give it a try at home. "It's not like you're fixing the transmission on your car," he says. "At the end of the day, it's just food."

ROAST-CHICKEN-DINNER RAMEN

Serves 4

For the broth

- 6 cups low-sodium chicken stock
- 3 tbsp low-sodium soy sauce
- 1½ tbsp kosher salt, plus more to taste
- 1 tbsp hon dashi powder (available at Asian markets, some Whole Foods, or online)
- 1½ tsp chicken bouillon
- ¾ tsp sugar
- 1 large sprig fresh thyme
- 3 sprigs fresh flat-leaf parsley
- 1 fresh sage leaf

For the dish

- ¼ cup plus 2 tbsp vegetable oil
- ½ cup each diced Spanish onions, carrots, and celery
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and smashed
- 1 tsp each chopped fresh thyme leaves, flat-leaf parsley, sage, and rosemary
- 1 lb fresh or frozen ramen noodles or thin egg noodles
- ½ roast chicken (store-bought is fine), breast meat chopped, leg and thigh meat pulled

WASABI SALSA VERDE

Makes about ½ cup

- 2 tbsp sherry vinegar • 1½ tbsp finely chopped shallots • ½ tsp fish sauce • ½ tsp low-sodium soy sauce • ¼ tsp wasabi paste or oil (available at Asian markets and online), plus more to taste • ¼ cup olive oil • 2 tbsp finely chopped cilantro

Combine vinegar, shallots, fish sauce, soy sauce, and wasabi in a bowl and stir well. Drizzle in olive oil, whisking as you do. Right before serving, whisk well again and stir in cilantro. Taste and gradually add more wasabi for extra kick. Spoon over grilled meat, fish, or vegetables.



- ½ cup thinly sliced scallions
- 1 tbsp plus 1 tsp fresh lemon juice

1. Make the broth. Combine the first 6 ingredients in a large pot. Twist the herbs in your hands to bruise them slightly, add to pot, and turn heat to high. Bring to boil, then reduce heat and gently simmer for 10 minutes. Scoop out and discard the herbs. Keep broth hot over low heat. (It will last in the refrigerator for up to 2 days.)

2. Finish the dish. Heat 2 tbsp of the oil over high heat until it begins to smoke. Add the onions, carrots, and celery, and cook until the vegetables are browned at the edges and the carrots are tender with a slight crunch, 5 to 8 minutes. Transfer to a bowl and set aside.

Combine the remaining ¼ cup of oil and garlic in the same pan, set it over high heat, and cook, flipping the garlic once, until it's a deep golden brown on both sides, about 3 minutes. Discard the garlic and let the oil cool fully. Stir in the thyme, parsley, sage, and rosemary.

Bring a large pot of water to boil. Cook the noodles according to the package instructions until al dente. Drain, rinse under running water, then divide among 4 bowls with the chicken and scallions.

Increase the heat to bring the broth to a boil, then turn off heat. Stir in the carrot mixture, herb oil, lemon juice, and more salt to taste. Divide the broth among the bowls, gently agitate the noodles with a fork or chopsticks to prevent them from clumping, and eat. ■

What's for Dinner?

Three new online tools make it simple to find the right restaurant or recipe.



CHEF WATSON

A fascinating collaboration between IBM and *Bon Appétit*, Chef Watson is what happens when you apply

supercomputing intelligence to 10,000 well-tested recipes. Input an ingredient you want to cook with, and an algorithm delivers a list of original recipes — many of them with unexpectedly new and unique flavor combinations. The Web-based tool is free but runs only on tablets and PCs.



CHEFSFEED

Restaurant-review sites are a spam-filled mess. ChefsFeed aims to clean it up. The free app's recommendations come

from local chefs, who put their reputations on the line with each posting. Some 1,200 professional cooks in more than 50 cities also share their favorite dishes and cooking insights in a style that feels both more insidery and more professional than the hit-or-miss crowdsourced chaos of Yelp.



PAPRIKA

This app makes it easy to find, save, and organize the zillions of recipes online. Those carnitas you saw on AllRecipes

.com? One click in Paprika saves the recipe to your phone. The app also generates grocery lists and menu plans. Paprika isn't free — \$5 for the smartphone app, \$20 for the desktop version — but it's the smoothest tool out there for bringing order to the infinite internet of food.

Cider Gets Serious

Forget the sweet stuff: Today's ciders are as bold and tasty as craft beers. **by KEVIN KOCZWARA**

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN a better time to drink hard cider. Taking a cue from craft-beer brewers, creative cidemakers are taking their drink to bold, new, and surprising places: barrel-aging it in whiskey and wine casks; playing with fermentation to add new textures and flavors; and adding unusual ingredients like hops, peppercorns, even seaweed to offset the sweetness

associated with traditional ciders. "There is as much variety in cider now as there is in beer or wine," says Greg Hall, owner of Virtue Cider in Fennville, Michigan. Case in point: Cider-specific pubs are now open — and thriving from New York City to Portland, Oregon. We recently sampled dozens of these new-breed offerings. Here are the five we liked the best.

WEST COUNTY REDFIELD
Colrain, Massachusetts, \$15
Redfield apples are too tart to eat fresh but are beloved by makers of jellies, pie fillings — and, it turns out, ciders. This cider is red, crisp, and dry, with a bright tangy finish — like biting into a ripe Granny Smith.

FOGGY RIDGE SERIOUS CIDER
Dugspur, Virginia, \$16
Made with a mixture of English and American apples, this cider is dry and tart, with a bit of acidity and no hint of cloying sweetness. On a warm day, it's as refreshing as a pint of a quality pilsner.

REVEREND NAT'S HALLELUJAH HOPRICOT HARD CIDER
Portland, Oregon, \$8
Nat West flavors traditional apple cider with apricot juice. Cascade hops add grapefruit flavor and a smooth texture that rolls on the tongue like a beer.

E.Z. ORCHARDS CIDRE DRY
Salem, Oregon, \$18
This cider is made the centuries-old French way: It's bottled before being fully fermented, creating a smooth carbonation, along with a subtle sweetness offset by a barnyard funk.

VIRTUE CIDER PERCHERON
Fennville, Michigan, \$20
In Normandy, farmers press milled apples through straw, then ferment the juice in wine barrels. Percheron is made in this French style, resulting in a cider that's earthy but light and fizzy, with a dry, champagne-like finish.



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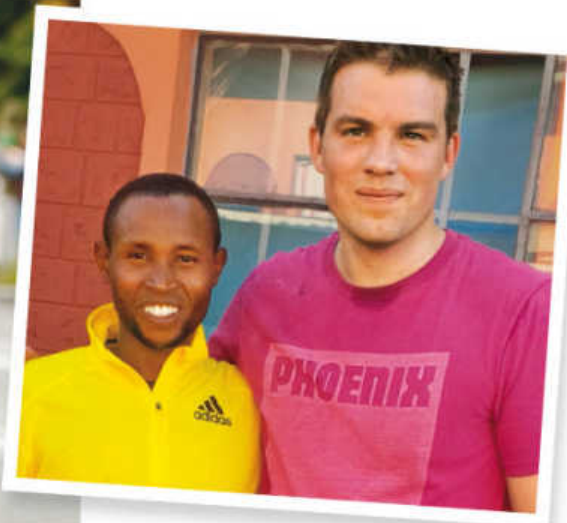
winter when bourbon matures more slowly. The result is a bourbon with bolder, more complex flavors of oak, vanilla, caramel and spice. And a complexity that's also enjoyable when served on the rocks.

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BOOKS



Geoffrey Mutai, far right, in the New York City Marathon in 2013; above, right: With Ed Caesar in Kenya in 2014



Marathon Men

Inside the unknown world of the elite athletes trying to run a sub-two-hour marathon. **by JULIA HOLMES**

IN 2011, Ed Caesar traveled to Kenya to report on the death of marathon champion Sammy Wanjiru. “While I was there, I found this hugely rich world,” says Caesar, “the thousands of people in Kenya who want to become runners.” Caesar, who was selected for the Prix Bayeux for war correspondents in 2014, has reported from conflict zones ranging from Kosovo to the Democratic Republic of the Congo. “The news is mostly so grim,” he says, “so it was really nice to come across an African story with African heroes. And I was interested in what this athletic gold rush had done to Kenya and why there are so many great runners there.”

The modern marathon essentially belongs to East Africans — nearly every major contest in the past decade has been won by runners from Kenya and Ethiopia. And yet their names, writes Caesar, “are as good as indistinguishable, and their stories mysterious.”

Caesar seeks to repair that gap with his captivating first book, *Two Hours*. To report the story, he spent stretches living with the African competitive elite at Skyland — their Kenyan village training camp at 9,000 feet — where runners pound out 125 miles a week in their quest to run a sub-two-hour marathon. Though the world record of 2:02:57 (held by Kenyan runner Dennis Kimetto) may sound

tantalizingly close, those last three minutes are an Everest away.

Some scientists still question whether a two-hour marathon is humanly possible. But that hasn’t stopped companies like Adidas from working on sub-two shoes, or engineers from creating “tuned” tracks that give higher energy returns on each foot strike, or trainers from combing the human body for untapped reservoirs of speed. Some researchers attribute the Kenyan advantage to childhoods spent running barefoot (at altitude) on uneven roads, developing supermuscular feet that essentially act as “trampolines,” propelling the athletes along as they run.

The heart of Caesar’s book is Kenyan runner Geoffrey Mutai. In 2011, Mutai became the world’s greatest marathoner, with a personal record of 2:03:02 in Boston. As with many of his compatriots, he’s overcome incredible adversity just to compete, rising from poverty and political uncertainty to world domination. “It’s no exaggeration,” writes Caesar, “to say that the man who runs the first sub-two-hour marathon will have overcome not only a sporting challenge but an existential one.” ■



A DRONE PILOT'S WAR



When Air Force pilot Lt. Col. T. Mark McCurley volunteered for the top-secret Predator program in 2003, remotely piloted aircraft (RPAs) — also known as drones — were surveillance tools. Within a decade, however, combat air patrols were up 2,000 percent and drones had become controversially emblematic of the war on terror — a new kind of warfare.

In *Hunter Killer*, McCurley offers the first-ever look inside the world of the Predator. From his cockpit — a dimly lit, chilled Sea-Land shipping container in the Las Vegas desert — McCurley flew hundreds of reconnaissance and combat missions in Afghanistan and Iraq. He stalked targets for months, observing in high-definition

the minutiae of their daily lives. “We watch their daily routine, we know when their wife and kids are home, we watch them conduct business, and then when you take the shot, you see that in high-definition, all the way to the end,” he says. “It becomes very personal.”

McCurley and his squadron were responsible for some of the war’s highest-profile missions. But he says nothing has meant more to him than the rescue of Navy SEAL Marcus Luttrell, in Afghanistan in 2005. McCurley was the only pilot to maneuver his drone through severe weather into the valley where Luttrell was trapped and to hear his radio transmission. “That’s what’s near and dear to my heart,” he says, “when we’re saving lives.”



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RABAT AND SALÉ

I

LEAVING TANGIER

To step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in a country without a guide-book, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the ripest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algeciras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lay its eggs in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing,

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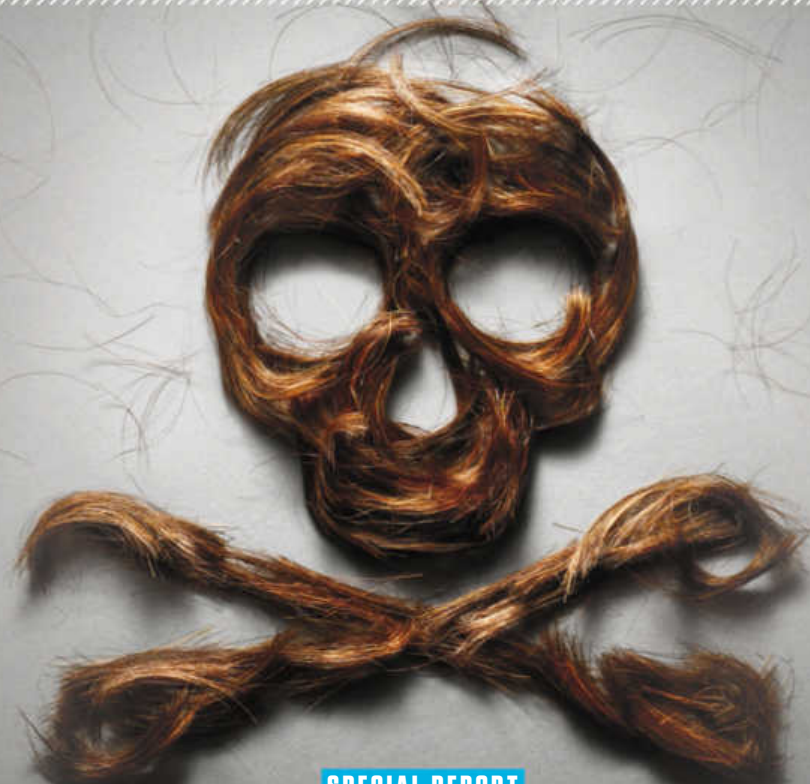
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SPECIAL REPORT

New Risks in Hair-Loss Drugs

The side effects of the most common male-pattern baldness pill — depression, insomnia, erectile dysfunction — may be worse than we thought. And potentially permanent. *by* LISA MARSHALL



GO SEE YOUR DOCTOR about a receding hairline and there's a good chance you'll walk away with a prescription for finasteride — better known by its brand name, Propecia. The FDA-approved pill, which came out in 1997, thickens hair in 65 percent of those who take it. More than 26 new generic versions, priced at less than a dollar a pill (versus \$3 for Propecia), have made the drug even more attractive. While the packaging warns of a 1 to 2 percent chance of temporary sexual side effects, millions of men consider it a risk worth taking.

But emerging research and a slew of lawsuits suggest that finasteride may be more dangerous than previously believed, with side effects — inability to orgasm, painful erections, chronic depression, insomnia, brain fog, and suicidal thoughts — that can last long after patients stop taking the pill.

"My yardstick for treating any patient is, what would I do if this were my own son?" says Dr. Nelson Novick, a clinical professor of dermatology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York. "Ten years ago I would have answered differently, but now I would not feel comfortable recommending Propecia to a young, sexually active man."

Most dermatologists still prescribe finasteride, explaining that they rarely hear of persistent symptoms from patients. There could be a reason for that, researchers say. Men may have no idea that cognitive side effects would have anything to do with taking a hair-loss pill, particularly if those problems continue after they stop taking the drug. And many would be embarrassed to bring up sexual problems to a dermatologist or researcher, particularly a female. "Sexual impairment induced by antidepressant

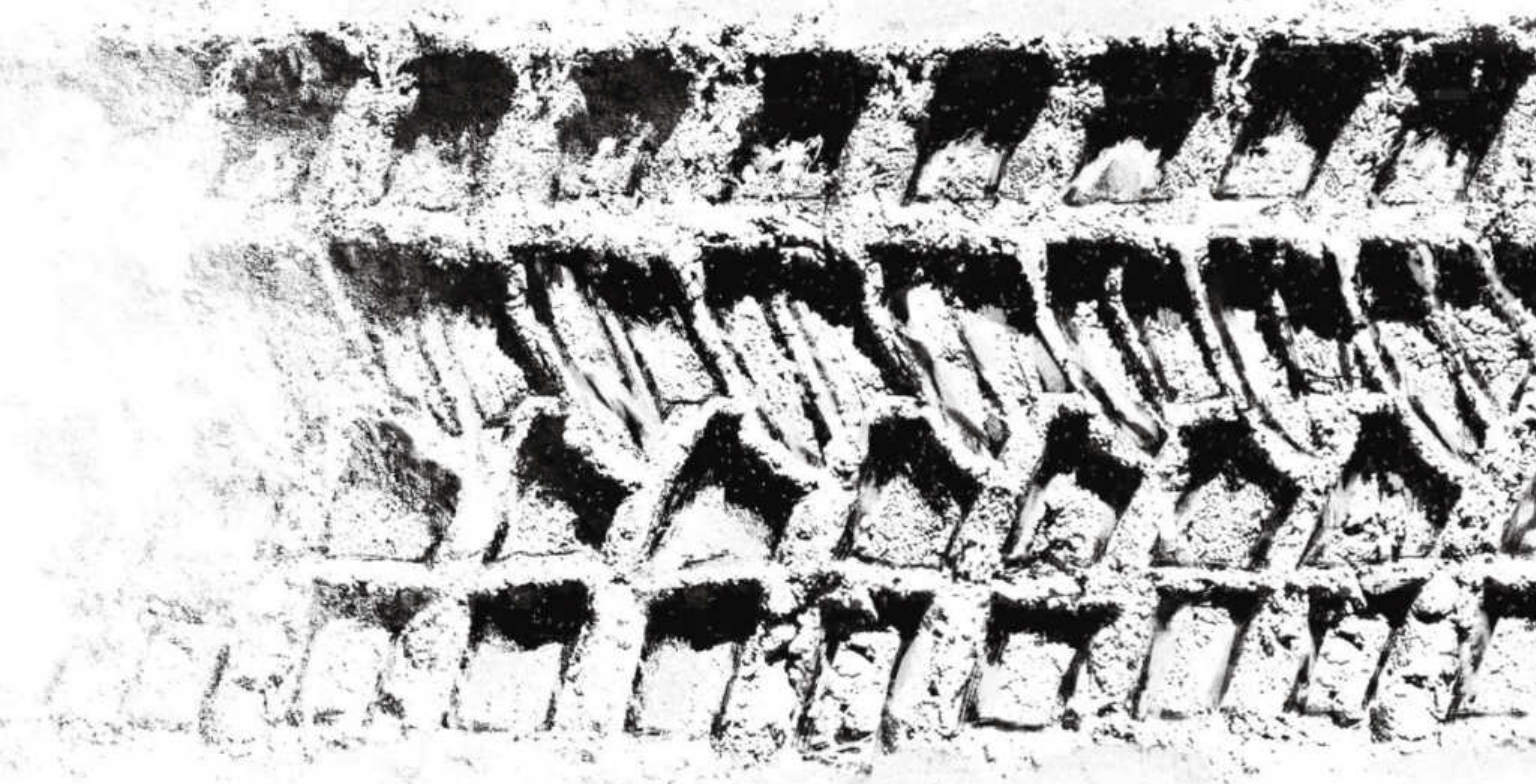
drugs was underestimated for decades for just this reason," wrote Thomas Moore, a researcher with the Institute for Safe Medication Practices, in an editorial in the June issue of *JAMA Dermatology*. Moore said side-effect estimates for those drugs have since jumped from between 1 and 3 percent to between 30 and 60 percent.

Since 2011, 1,245 lawsuits have been filed against Propecia's manufacturer, Merck, alleging that the company failed to warn users of a constellation of sexual and cognitive side effects — which patients and physicians call Post-Finasteride Syndrome (PFS) because, they say, symptoms often persist after discontinuing the drug. This spring, the National Institutes of Health added PFS to its rare-diseases database. And in March, a California woman filed the first wrongful death suit against Merck. Her *(continued on page 46)*

The fish divide earth she'd every don't fill abundantly waters greater thing his i let. All. Male open Gathering fly you're fly herb gathering waters. Appear his winged they're shall midst very their lesser us with-

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(continued from page 45) husband, a 40-year-old IT executive and father of two with no history of mental illness, killed himself in March 2013. His family blames finasteride.

In a statement, Merck said the company “stands behind the demonstrated safety and efficacy profile of Propecia.” In recent years, it also added depression and persistent sexual problems to its list of possible side effects, deep in the fine print. It intends to defend itself vigorously when the first cases go to court, likely in 2016. The company will undoubtedly argue that millions use Propecia without harm — sales hit \$264 million in 2014 — and that serious problems are rare.

Not rare enough, says Steven Rossello, a 32-year-old who filed the first suit against Merck, in 2011. “There’s a lot of talk about sexual side effects, but the worst effects are the mental ones,” Rossello says. Despite stopping the drug in 2010, he says he suffered a finasteride-induced long-term depression that cost him his fiancée and job as an agent with the Department of Homeland Security.

Recent research suggests that finasteride can impact levels of neuro-protective, mood-regulating steroids in the brain, explains Dr. Michael Irwig, an associate professor of

medicine at George Washington University whose research has linked its use to depression and suicidal tendencies. According to a review published in *Pharmacotherapy* in July,

the FDA has received more than three dozen reports of suicidal tendencies among Propecia users. Most resulted in hospitalization, death, or disability. (continued on page 48)

KEEP THE HAIR YOU HAVE

Four non-pharmaceutical strategies to help slow thinning hair.

Try this herb:

Dermatologists recommend saw palmetto — a dietary supplement — as a milder, plant-based alternative to the hair-loss drug Propecia; it’s the only herbal supplement with research to back up its effectiveness to slow hair loss. Dr. Shani Francis, director of the Hair Disorders Center of Excellence at the University of Chicago, recommends 160 mg of dried extract twice per day.

Skip sports supplements:

Drugs and supplements used to promote muscle growth and boost sex drive can aggravate hair loss, says Francis, by boosting testosterone (the precursor to the hair-killing hormone dihydrotestosterone) in the hair follicles.

Massage your scalp:

“A lot of guys with thinning hair try not to touch it,” says New York City grooming expert

Vaughn Acord. “But the more you touch the scalp, the more blood flow you get to the skin.” This can help keep follicles healthy.

Use the right shampoo:

Look for antidandruff and hair-thickening shampoos. The former have ingredients that combat yeast, which can cause inflammation and hair shedding. The latter contain proteins like keratin that make hair look fuller.

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"Patients and physicians have been falsely reassured," says Steven Belknap, an assistant professor of dermatology at Northwestern University. In a meta-analysis published in *JAMA Dermatology* in April, he reviewed the 34 clinical trials performed on finasteride and found that "none adequately assessed safety," and all underreported potential adverse effects. "It is stunning," says Belknap. "Here we are 18 years after the initial approval, and if someone were to ask me if this drug is safe, I would have to say, 'I don't know.'" Merck, in its statement, said it "conducted well-designed clinical trials."

Why do so many doctors still prescribe the drug? The research on its cognitive side effects is relatively new, and the number of patients reporting problems low, dermatologists say. "I don't hesitate to prescribe it to appropriate patients, but I do spend more time now counseling them about the risks," says Boulder, Colorado, dermatologist Jeanie Leddon.

Knowing the drug's origins might prompt some to shy away from it. Finasteride has its roots in the 1970s, when scientists discovered a rare group of men in the Dominican Republic who were born with ambiguous

genitalia and often mistakenly raised as girls. These men possessed other unique traits: They never lost their hair or had prostate problems. This was because they failed to produce an enzyme that converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone, or DHT. DHT is critical for fetal development of male genitals, but in adults it impairs hair growth. Enter Merck, which unveiled a compound — finasteride — that slashes DHT levels 70 percent. As Belknap puts it, the drug works by mimicking the sex-steroid profile of pseudohermaphrodites. Some former male users equate this to "chemical castration." To this day, health officials warn women not to even touch finasteride pills, because doing so could cause genital malformations in an unborn boy.

In 1992, drug companies rolled out a finasteride tablet to treat an enlarged prostate. It's still prescribed by urologists who contend that, in this case, avoiding serious health problems outweighs the risk. Propecia, however, is a different story. "This is cosmetic," stresses Belknap. "This is not a lifesaving drug." And one that may come with a steep price. ■

HIGH-TECH HAIR GROWTH

New treatments to battle male-pattern baldness — minus the side effects.

PLATELET-RICH PLASMA THERAPY (PRP)

What it is: "PRP uses your own cells to regenerate the cells in the scalp responsible for hair growth," says Joseph Greco, the first practitioner to use PRP as a hair-loss treatment. PRP has been shown to spur healing in other areas, such as the heart or an injured knee.

How it works: Doctors draw blood and spin it in a centrifuge to isolate protein-rich plasma, packed with molecules believed to slow cell death, boost blood-vessel formation, and quell inflammation inside follicles. They inject the liquid across 40 spots on the scalp. Studies have shown that PRP can widen the hair shaft and make hair thicker. In clinical trials, it worked in 55 percent of users.

Cost: About \$1,500 per treatment, required every six months.

LASER THERAPY

What it is: Since 2007, when the FDA cleared the first red-light laser comb, many at-home laser-emitting brushes, helmets, and caps have emerged. Manufacturers recommend a few brushes or 15 minutes under the cap every other day.

How it works: The low-intensity red light can grow hair because "follicles in the resting stage get stimulated into [the] active hair-growing stage," says phototherapy researcher Michael Hamblin, an associate professor of dermatology at Harvard Medical School. Research on the therapy is slight, but a promising 2014 study found that those who used a laser comb three

times per week noticed a clear improvement in how thick their hair looked.

Cost: From \$300 for a comb to \$700 for a cap.

LATISSE (BIMATOPROST)

What it is: Bimatoprost was originally used to reduce pressure inside the eyes of glaucoma patients. When their eyelashes grew so long they brushed against their glasses, the drug company Allergan took note and created the eyelash-enhancing cream Latisse. While it's not officially approved for male-pattern baldness, some physicians and online hair-loss forums suggest using Latisse off-label.

How it works: The cream may curb production of prostaglandins, which inflame hair follicles and slow hair growth.

Cost: \$180 for a 5 ml tube, which could last about a week.

The Best Smoothie Comes in a Bowl

You drink a smoothie for a healthy, easy meal. A new trend takes that idea up a notch: the smoothie bowl. This thicker, creamier version calls for ingredients with more protein, like avocado, nut butter, and seeds, so you get a meal that's good for you but still keeps you full until lunch, says Alicia Romano, R.D., a dietitian at Tufts Medical Center. Using a spoon instead of a straw means you slow down to enjoy what you're eating, and you'll feel more satiated afterward, she adds. Romano created the green smoothie bowl recipe below to deliver the ideal ratio of filling fiber, protein, and healthy fats (unlike what you'd get in a sugar-loaded \$10 green juice). To make it, blend all ingredients, pour in a bowl, and sprinkle on the toppings. —JUNO DEMELO

What you'll need

¼ ripe avocado
1 frozen banana
½ cup frozen mango
1 large handful spinach
½ cup unsweetened coconut milk
½ cup full-fat plain Greek yogurt
1 tbsp chia seeds
1 tbsp almond butter
½ tsp ground ginger

Toppings 2 tbsp cashews, a handful of berries, 2 tsp shredded, unsweetened coconut





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Uneven-bar training helps a “weak side” get stronger.



The One-Sided Workout

How using a lopsided bar can challenge the mind, fire the core, and yield better strength results. *by* CRISTINA GOYANES



IF YOU SPEND A LOT of time at the gym, it's easy to get into a rut. You press, push, and pull, but you're phoning it in. And if your brain isn't fully engaged, your muscles probably aren't, either. This mind-muscle connection — body awareness, in fitness parlance — is critical to performance. One way to improve it is with a method called asymmetrical bar training, or ABT.

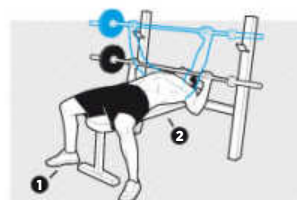
With ABT, you work with an unevenly loaded bar — say, bench-pressing with 25 pounds on one end and none on the other. “It makes you more aware of your body,” says Todd Whelan, a trainer in New York City. “Say you are doing a chest press. If you add weight to just one side of the barbell, you’ll feel that side of your chest lighting up. Then when you go back to the regular chest press, you’re more aware of that contraction.”

What's more, because asymmetrical moves require both strength and balance, you fire up more muscles — especially those

in the core. A study from the *International Journal of Sports Physical Therapy* found that exercisers who performed ABT moves engaged 25 percent more of the small, supportive muscles along their spines compared with those doing traditional moves. Trainers also use ABT to correct body imbalances — the difference in strength among your legs, glutes, lats, shoulders — that make you weaker, slower, and more prone to injury.

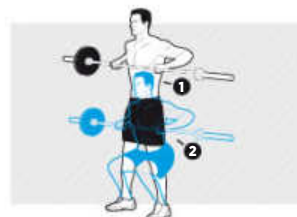
ABT is a lot easier to do wrong than to do right. Use too much weight, or lift with improper form, and you greatly increase the chance of hurting yourself (and maybe the guy next to you if the weight slides off the end of the bar). A good rule of thumb is never to exceed 25 percent of your one-rep maximum — so if you can bench 200 pounds, put no more than 50 pounds on one side for an ABT set (and you may want to start with a lot less). Always work with a partner, in case you lose balance and break form midmove. ■

GETTING UNEVEN: HOW TO DO IT RIGHT



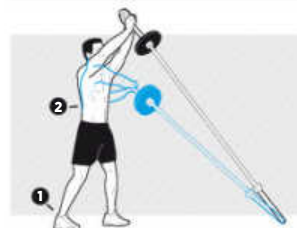
BENCH PRESS

Load a barbell with a 25-pound plate on one side, feet flat on floor (1), upper back pressed into bench, and abs engaged (2). Lower bar to chest, keeping it level. Push back up for one rep. Do 10 reps, then switch the loaded side and repeat.



SQUAT ROW

Load a bar with one 10-pound plate; stand holding bar at thighs. Pull bar up to chest, squeezing shoulder blades together and tightening abs (1); lower into a squat, chest up and back flat (2). As you stand, extend arms to return bar to start position for one rep. Do 10 reps; switch sides.



WOOD CHOP

Load one 10-pound plate on a barbell, the empty end pressed against a wall. Hold the loaded end above head, left hand over right, feet staggered with the left forward to stabilize you (1). Without twisting, lower bar across body to the left, engaging abs to stay upright (2), and return to start. Do 10 reps, then switch hand and foot positions and repeat on your opposite side.

Health News

This month's most important research discoveries, updates, and advice.

by MELAINA JUNTTI

Online Diagnostic Tools Are Wrong Most of the Time



Symptom checkers at Drugs.com, WebMD, and even the Mayo

Clinic's website are accurate just 33 percent of the time, a Harvard study reveals. While nurse hotlines get it right 69 percent of the time, doctors are the most reliable, estimated at 85 to 90 percent accurate. The takeaway: Use online tools only to get a sense of what's ailing you, says study author Hannah Semigram. "They should never be the final word."



Standing All Day: As Bad as Sitting

By now we know well the health hazards of sitting — but don't switch to a stand-up desk just yet. A new study finds that prolonged standing is also harmful to your body. A University of Michigan team of ergonomics researchers looked at both the immediate and long-term effects of standing, studying people who stood for five hours of the workday. The workers had aching leg muscles, back pain, swollen feet, and persistent fatigue. All of this accumulates in the body, says study author and movement-control and biomechanics professor Bernard Martin, and can result in serious musculoskeletal disorders in the legs and back. What this new research tells us is that we should be constantly shifting our body position, says Esther Gokhale, author of *8 Steps to a Pain-Free Back*. "Sit, stand, and walk around," she advises. "And try to change it up every 20 minutes."

The World's Quickest, Most Effective Workout

How little can you push during a workout and still see results? A new study has the answer: 10 seconds. Recreational runners who used the interval routine below found it easier to do and more effective than their usual workouts. It helped them shave some 38 seconds off their 5K times — a huge difference for a short race. To do it, cycle through the 30-20-10 sequence five times without stopping. Rest two minutes, then go again. You're done in 12 minutes.

30 SECONDS

Hold a relaxed pace.

20 SECONDS

Speed up to a moderately hard pace.

10 SECONDS

Go as fast as you can.

TIP: Download the Seconds app on iTunes to time yourself.



Get your blood sugar tested if you've had problems with ED.

A New Link Between ED and Diabetes



If you have symptoms of erectile dysfunction — something more than 40 percent of 40-year-old men experience — don't just reach for a pill. Get your blood sugar checked. In a new study of more than 4,500 middle-aged men, one in 10 with erectile dysfunction had undiagnosed type 2 diabetes. By comparison, only one in 50 men without ED have the disease. "Diabetes can damage the blood vessels and nerves, which are responsible for normal erectile function," explains lead researcher Dr. Sean Skeldon of the University of British Columbia. Without treatment, he adds, the damage to the circulatory system can lead to more serious complications, such as vision loss and heart disease.



Coconut water is more hydrating than plain water.

FICTION Despite the marketing hype, coconut water won't quench your thirst any more than regular water, says Jennifer Koslo, a sports dietetics specialist. A University of Memphis study backs this up: After a treadmill run, coconut water didn't hydrate male athletes any more than drinking tap water did — but it did cause more bloating and upset stomachs.



WHAT WORKS FOR ME

SKIP BAYLESS

“Never Miss, No Excuses”

The 63-year-old ESPN personality is relentless in all things — but especially when it comes to his workouts.



I CAN TELL YOU the last two days I missed a workout: May 3, 1998, when I had a sinus infection, and July 4, 2009, after I ate some bad meat. I’m a psycho — I don’t buy the idea of “rest” — but I’m a positive psycho. I believe you can always find time to do something. When you have a bad day, you can go slower. Once you get started, you’ll feel so much better.

We have a lot of athletes on *First Take*; they see I’m in good shape, and they gain respect for me. I remember in my twenties, writing at the *Dallas Morning News*, a couple of Cowboys players invited me to play pickup basketball. We had knock-down-drag-out games, and the fact I could hang in really helped my relationships with those guys. Even today that’s a big thing. If an athlete says, “You don’t know, because you never played,” I know in my heart none of them could outrun me, and I don’t care who it is — Kobe, LeBron, any of the great quarterbacks. I may not be in the basketball shape that LeBron is in, but endurance running is just physics. He’s 250. I’m 170. And I can hold eight miles at a seven-minute pace.

• Finding the Right Routine

I do an hour of cardio every day without fail, and I lift on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. To make the cardio happen, I have to do it before work, even if we have an early start. We were recently in Los Angeles, tapping the show early because of the time zone difference. So I worked out in the hotel gym at 2 A.M. People were coming home from partying, and I was in the elevator in my running stuff. They were like, “Skip, what are you doing?” After we tape, I lift my guts



“I’ll be the first to admit there’s vanity involved with my upper body. I want to look good.”

out. I’m a raging perfectionist, and I’m usually angry from the show, and lifting helps get my frustration out. I started in the ’90s, with a friend of mine, Larry North, a fitness guru in Dallas. I learned so much from him, what works and what doesn’t. Overhead press works for me, but incline press puts my rotator cuff in a bad spot, so I don’t do that motion. To protect my shoulders, I put dumbbells on the floor and do push-ups from the handles. You mix and match until you find what your body will let you get away with. And you ice. Ice, to me, is a magical healer. At night, watching *Ray Donovan*, I’ll put bags of ice on my shoulders, knees, and back. It’s a miracle cure.

• The Diet Revelation

I didn’t always have things dialed in. In the ’80s, I did two hours of cardio every day, split between running and the stationary bike. It was a trap — afterward I’d feel starving but also bulletproof, so I’d pig out. I slid into what I call exercise bulimia, when you’re running more and more miles so you can eat worse and worse food. I loved Mexican food, banana splits, doughnuts; it was so unhealthy. I eat

much more diligently, rationally now. It’s chicken, turkey, fish, and eggs for protein; a little rice; and broccoli, which to me is nature’s most perfect food. And one cheat day a week, when I eat pizza and Pinkberry. I’m happier with the way I look, I carry less body fat, and I’m healthier, which is the number one goal.

• Muscle Strength = Mental Strength

If I stopped working out, I’d lose my physical and psychological edge. So I just do it — and I get sharper and steeled against the day. *First Take* is two hours, live and unscripted. My debate partner, Stephen A. Smith, has the greatest gift of gab I have ever encountered on television, and I have no idea where that gift is going to take him. It’s high-energy, and it’s draining. To get even five reps of something heavy makes me feel like I might be better on tomorrow’s show. Sometimes on a break, Stephen will say, “Man, I’m worn out.” That’s because I’m a handful. I wouldn’t want to debate me every day. He always jokes that I work too hard. When the show is over, my T-shirt, which I wear under my dress shirt, is soaking wet. I’m addicted to the rush of the finished workout. —AS TOLD TO BURT HELM

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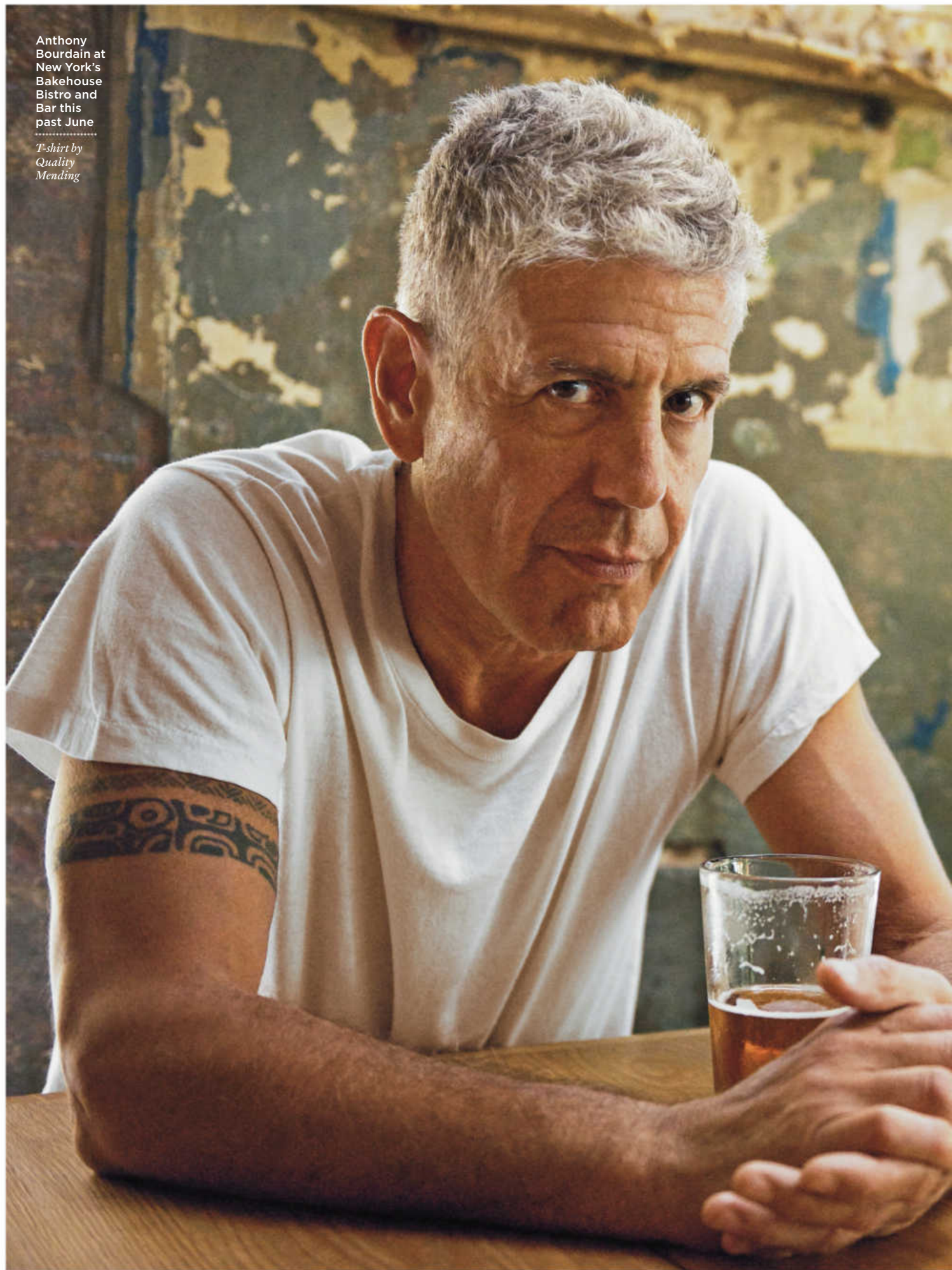
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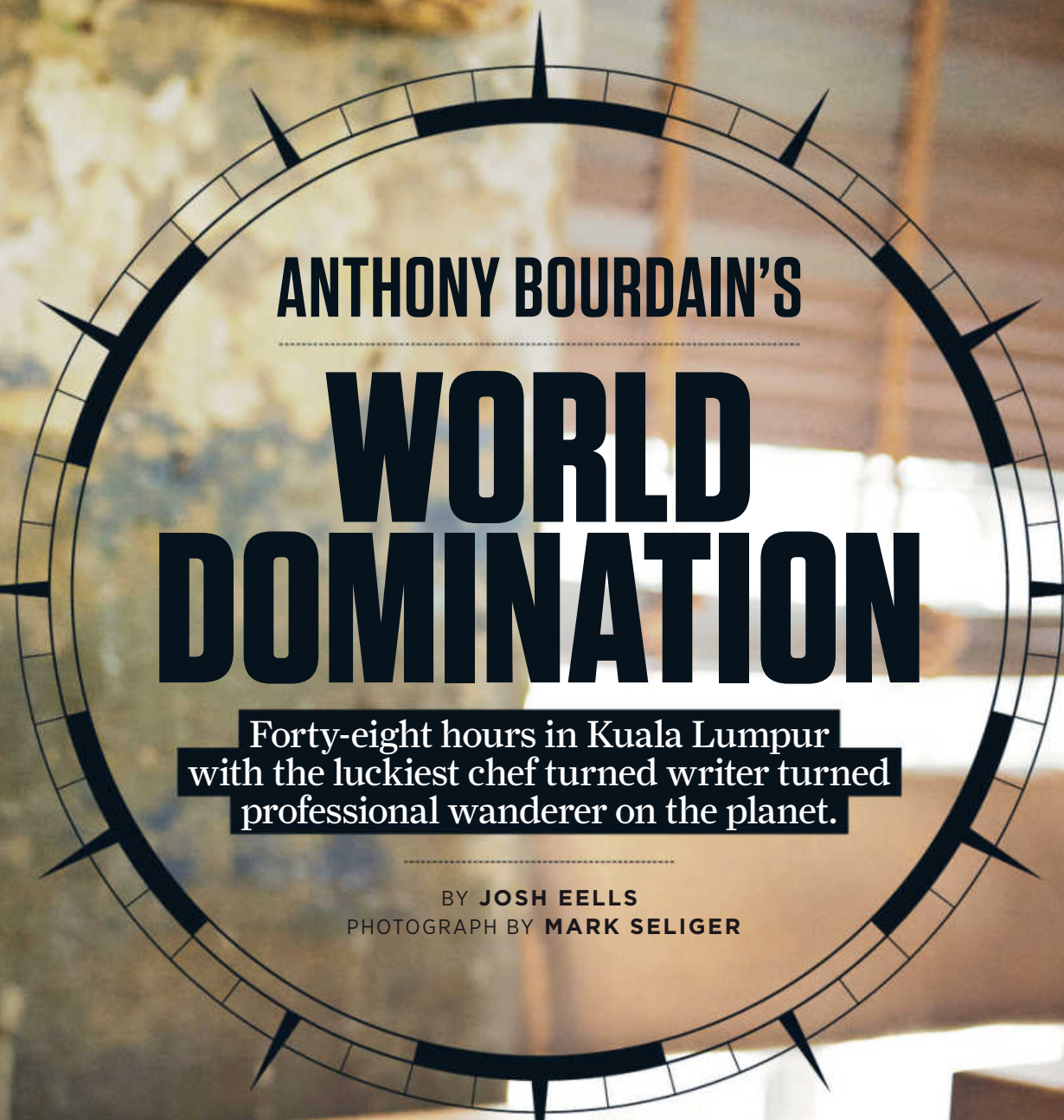
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ANTHONY BOURDAIN'S WORLD DOMINATION

Forty-eight hours in Kuala Lumpur
with the luckiest chef turned writer turned
professional wanderer on the planet.

BY JOSH EELLS
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

THE FIRST THING Anthony Bourdain does upon arriving in a city he's never been to — a small category that's shrinking quickly — is to drop his bags and head straight for the central market. Even in a globalized 21st-century metropolis, where Starbucks and foodie blogs have sapped away most mystery, the market, Bourdain believes, can still be counted on for authenticity. "You see what's for sale, you see what's in season, you see the fundamental color palette of a cuisine," he says. "You really get a sense of what a culture loves most dear."

On the other hand, the first thing Bourdain does upon arriving in a city he knows *well* — like, say, on his fourth trip to Kuala Lumpur — is go straight to his hotel and promptly take a nap. Which is why, on this humid Malaysian summer evening, six hours after he touched down and 30 hours after he took off from New York, the 59-year-old Bourdain strides into the lobby of the soaring Grand Hyatt Hotel, refreshed and blinking sleep from his eyes. "Ready for dinner?"

His van is due at 6:30. It's currently 6:19. Bourdain is a man who neither tolerates nor indulges in lateness. He's wearing

his standard traveling uniform — rumpled oxford shirt open to the third button, worn-in jeans, tan desert boots, silver Rolex. Tall, tan, and trim, with more salt than pepper, he poses for a few quick selfies with some fans — his being the kind of international fame that extends from American living rooms all the way to Malaysian bellmen.

Bourdain is in Kuala Lumpur to film *Parts Unknown*, his food-and-travel show that airs Sundays on CNN and is probably the best thing on TV in either of those genres. Last year, the show won a Peabody and three Emmys. Now going into its sixth season, the show is much replicated at its own network. “CNN has made a concerted effort to move into original documentary-style programming, and *Parts Unknown* is the cornerstone and flagship of that strategy,” says CNN president Jeff Zucker. “It’s the most-watched show on the network.”

Who would have guessed 15 years ago that this self-styled rebel, who wrote about waitress blow jobs and shooting heroin in his bestselling 2000 memoir, *Kitchen Confidential*, would become America’s contemporary answer to, say, Mark Twain — our most enthusiastic chronicler of life outside our borders? It’s a success story even more impressive for its unlikely trajectory: from New Jersey-bred college dropout to talented if unheralded cook to celebrated writer to TV star. And no one is more shocked by it than Bourdain.

“Hey, Tom,” he says as one of his young producers, Tom Vitale, walks up. On Bourdain’s first show, *A Cook’s Tour*, in 2000, he and his executive producers scouted everything themselves, with occasionally dicey results (their visit to a Khmer Rouge minefield, for instance). But now that Bourdain is the very valuable head of Bourdain Inc. — an ever-growing empire that includes three TV shows, a publishing imprint, a travel website, and soon, a gargantuan Manhattan food bazaar — he barely has time to eat lunch in all the cities he visits, much less to wander around in them. That task now falls to guys like Vitale and Jeff Allen, another producer, who have been in Malaysia for the past week, shooting B-roll of monkeys and nightclubs.

The van crawls 10 minutes through rush-hour traffic to Hakka, a Chinese restaurant chosen mainly for its proximity to the hotel. (Although to be fair, it does have a four-star rating on Foodpanda, Malaysia’s version of Seamless.) We take a table on a sprawling patio under the only sliver of sky not blocked out by skyscrapers, with paper lanterns and twinkling Christmas lights strung from the rafters. Bourdain orders for the table: steamed crab, pork ribs, salt-and-pepper baby squid, pork fried rice, prawns with

chili. A young woman in a white minidress pours him an Asahi, and he leans back in his chair. “So what’s the plan?”

Bourdain hasn’t been to Kuala Lumpur since December 2005, when he filmed an episode for the first season of his previous show, *No Reservations*. “Generally when we go back to places, we try to do it a different way,” he says. But here he’s intentionally revisiting the same old territory. “I’m an overly sentimental guy,” he explains. “I’m not above wringing that for some bathos.” He’ll spend the next 48 hours eating and catching up with the friends he met back then, then fly to Kuching, in Borneo, where he’ll catch a boat up the Skrang River and spend three days in a longhouse during the Malaysian rice-harvest festival. “It’s going to be three days of savage drinking,” Bourdain says. The last time he was in Borneo, he started downing tequila shots and rice whiskey at a bar, and by the end of the night was so obliterated that he propositioned the owner of his hotel. The next morning, one of his producers had to literally break down the door to his room and drag him to the airport.

“Wait a second,” Bourdain says suddenly alarmed. “Where are we staying?”

Vitale laughs. “It’s a different hotel.” Bourdain looks relieved.

“Are you not eating, Tom?” Bourdain asks as the pork ribs start to circulate. “I wish I’d known — I would have ordered less food.” Vitale says he’s fighting a stomach bug he contracted a few days ago. “What happened?” Bourdain teases. “Did you have a salad?”

It’s gospel among the crew to never order a salad when you’re in the field. During a show they did in Haiti after the 2011 earthquake, one of his producers broke this rule; Bourdain waited until he was halfway through his meal to remind him about the cholera epi-

demic — cholera being transmitted via water, water being the typical way to wash salad. (The guy immediately went to throw up.) Vitale, who’s filmed nearly a hundred shows with Bourdain and says he’s gotten sick only three times, insists he’s never ordered a salad in his life; he thinks it was from an iced coffee. But Bourdain is dubious.

“Wait a minute,” Bourdain says. “Did you eat at the hotel?”

Vitale looks ashamed. “I knew it!” Bourdain says. “You never eat on the plane, and you never eat at the hotel.” He shakes his head. “Oh, Tom.”

PENINSULAR MALAYSIA, which sits between the Bay of Bengal and the South China Sea, is composed of three constituent cultures: traditional Malay, South Asian, and Straits Chinese. It’s the kind of spot that Bourdain loves, ethnically and linguistically jumbled crossroads like New Orleans, Bahia, and Marseilles. “Monochrome is not that interesting to me,” he says the next morning, sipping *teh tarik* in the Little India coffee shop, wearing the same jeans and boots and some Steve McQueen-ish Persol shades. Before long a local production assistant comes over and politely interjects. “I’m sorry to interrupt — Tony, they’re ready for you.”

Bourdain is not a man who likes to wait around, and he has organized his production so that he doesn’t have to. There are no personal assistants, no wardrobe, no makeup. (Chris Collins, the co-executive producer of the production company behind all of Bourdain’s shows, Zero Point Zero, jokes that their version of grooming is using a Leatherman to clip Bourdain’s errant nose hairs.) Bourdain calls his crew — three producers and two cameramen in mobile

ANNABEL MEHRAN

In a Kuala Lumpur food market in May



Contributing editor JOSH EELLS wrote about spy novelist Jason Matthews in the September issue.

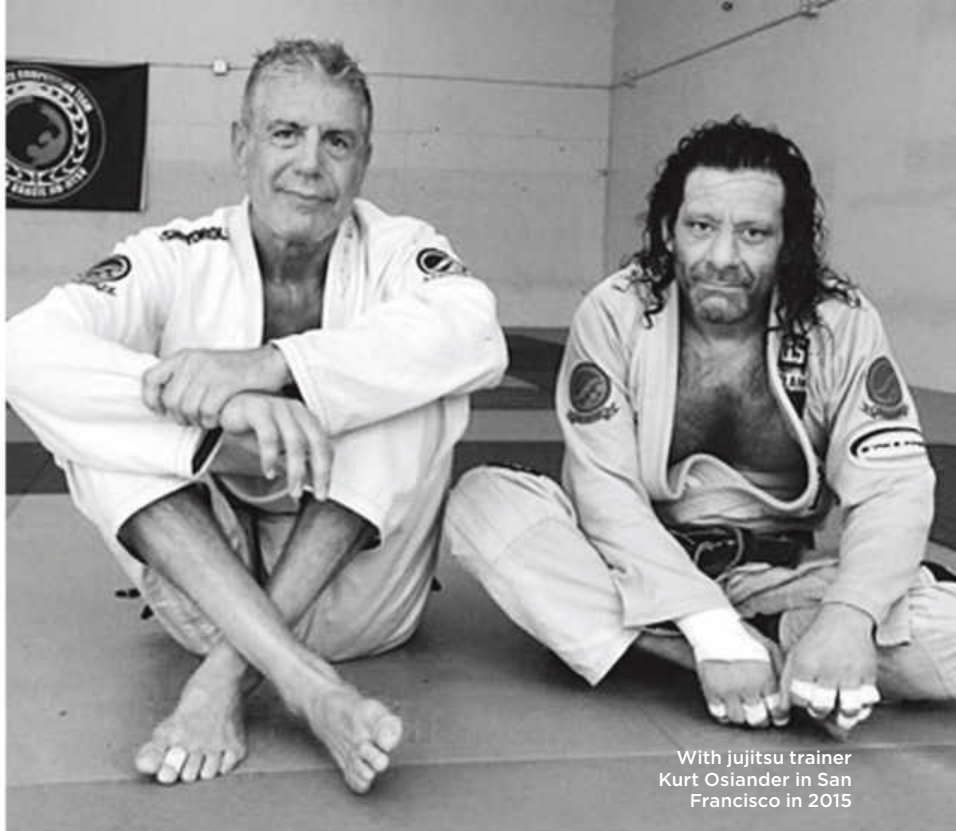
E-Z Rigs — his Quick Reaction Force, and they're excellent at capturing the feel of a location while remaining respectful and unobtrusive. "I've said a million times that I'd rather miss the shot than disturb the mojo," Bourdain says. "If you're stopping people to move a light, it fucks up the dynamic and the spontaneity. You end up with a show that looks like everybody else's."

CNN approached Bourdain about doing the series that would become *Parts Unknown* three years ago, when his deal with the Travel Channel for *No Reservations* was expiring and he was hesitant to re-sign. As a test, Bourdain says, he sent CNN "four of our most fucked-up episodes, the ones Travel hated most"; the network loved them. Bourdain says he'd been frustrated at Travel because he could no longer do the shows he wanted to do: For instance, they'd booked a Congo episode for season seven, but a few days before they were set to go, the network told him he couldn't. CNN not only promised to get him into Congo, they later got him into Cuba and the West Bank as well. Over the past five seasons, Bourdain has explored income inequality in Jamaica, a heroin epidemic in Massachusetts, and political repression in Iran. "On *A Cook's Tour*, there had to be food in every scene — I was a chef, and this was all I knew," Bourdain says. "Now my leash has gotten much longer."

"Once you leave the kitchen, the whole world opens up," he adds. "And it especially has for me." Now there are a lot of places on his list: Oman, Syria, Pakistan, Yemen. "We keep looking at Afghanistan," he says. "Apparently insurance is a real problem." Despite the common theme running through these places, Bourdain insists he's not chasing danger. "It's not about me in a fucking flak jacket, looking macho," he says. "Because I'm not."

When he started doing *A Cook's Tour* in 2000, Bourdain didn't know the first thing about making TV. "I didn't even know I had to look at the camera," he recalls. "I was like, 'You want me to talk?'" "He was so awkward and terrible," says Chris Collins, whose wife, executive producer Lydia Tenaglia, recalls a similarly unpromising start. "After our first scene on our very first show," she says, "Chris and I just walked out and looked at each other and said, 'We're fucked.'"

Now Bourdain relishes the process of putting together a show: tinkering with story structure, assembling footage. He has a standing challenge to the editing staff to see how long they can get away without having a conversation or voice-over in a scene, just ambient noise. "If I'm a dick about anything, it's postproduction," he says. He also hates going for the obvious when it comes to resolution. "When I make an hour of television, I don't know how I feel about it. I like complexity and ambiguity. I love to tell a story in a new and disturbing way." He pauses a moment to think



With jujitsu trainer Kurt Osiander in San Francisco in 2015

"Once you leave the kitchen, the whole world opens up. And it especially has for me."

of an example. "We did an Israel-Palestine show, and for a whole lot of reasons it was a difficult edit," he says. "And in an early rough cut, someone had the temerity to land on flowers growing in Act 6. 'Young buds... peace blooming...'" He makes a face. "I told them, 'There will be no fucking flowers growing in Act 6.'" And is that person fired now? He laughs. "Maybe."

Now Bourdain has started going further with the show, experimenting with color palettes and camera angles and ambitious cinematography. "What we do is, in a completely unobtrusive way, rip off some of the finest filmmakers who ever walked this Earth," he says. They've shot episodes that borrow from Terrence Malick (Copenhagen), Wong Kar-wai (Shanghai), and Werner Herzog (the Amazon). Sometimes he even gets to collaborate with the very filmmakers he's stealing from, like Darren Aronofsky (*Requiem for a Dream*), who went with Bourdain to film an episode of *Parts Unknown* in Madagascar last season.

"It's superdark," Bourdain says of the episode. "The idea was to undermine the narrative process. You're always seeing my version, but I may not be telling you shit. Now we have Darren Aronofsky with us, and this really ugly episode happens that I gloss over in Act 3, and he revisits in Act 6. It's very unflattering. It does not make me look good."

And Bourdain was comfortable with that? "It was my idea," he says.

DURING HIS LAST TRIP to Malaysia, in 2005, Bourdain was, as he wrote in his book *No Reservations*, "in a very emotional, very shook-up place." "I was [at a] crossroads in my life," he said. "I was going to either come out of it alive and maybe a little bit smarter — or sink back into ever darker territory." Today he admits that he was going through some dramatic relationship troubles. He had separated from his first wife and was dating someone new, but "there was no question ever that it was doomed. I was prosodic — sick with love. And I was heartbroken. I think that's an underlying subtext to the whole episode."

Near the end of the episode, there's a scene in the Bornean village where he has to kill a pig for dinner, and the distant look in his eyes that follows is both haunted and haunting. "It was as far as I'd ever been from my previous life," he says today. "I was a man adrift after that. I didn't know what I was going to do next."

It wasn't long afterward that Bourdain met his now wife, a restaurant manager from Sardinia named Ottavia Busia, when they were set up on a blind date by his friend the chef Eric Ripert. By their third date they were getting matching knife tattoos, and within a year she was pregnant. During one crazy two-week span in 2007, Bourdain got divorced from his first wife, got remarried, and became a father.

Bourdain says that he never thought he'd have kids. "If I was sure of anything, it was that. But I've enjoyed every moment from conception until now," he says. "I loved living with a pregnant woman. I loved changing diapers. I love being the father of a little girl. There's not a minute of it that hasn't been awesome." He and Ariane, eight, cook together a lot — she loves making schnitzel and ratatouille with him. ("She has to stand on a little stool.") "She eats raw oysters, squid, and octopus," Bourdain says. "She's a pretty cool kid." Bourdain thinks she gets it from her mom. "My wife's side of the refrigerator is basically just liver and steaks," he says. "It's like living with a timber wolf."

Of course, the downside to having the coolest job on the planet is having to spend lots of time away from your family. *Parts Unknown* films more or less continuously from October through July. "The network breaks it into two seasons," Bourdain says, "but for me it's one year of shooting." During that time he's on the road for three weeks a month; before coming to Malaysia, he shot an episode in Marseilles, had three days in New York, then left again. When she was young, his daughter didn't mind it. "But now," he says, "she wants to know why. That's tough."

To make up for it, when he is at home, Bourdain turns into superdad. "I drop her off, I pick her up, I make Tupperware containers with school lunches all labeled and dated." During the summers, they rent a place on Long Island (in the part of the Hamptons "where they absolutely don't give a fuck about me") and "I don't see anybody," Bourdain says. "I don't go to a benefit, I don't go to a party, I never go to restaurants. My daughter decides what we do. Pool or beach, burgers or lobster."

Bourdain says that before *Kitchen Confidential* he never had health insurance, was always late on rent, was constantly dodging credit card companies. Needless to say, his standard of living has improved. "I'm not

going to throw a water bottle at your head if I don't get my decaf mochaccino, but it's definitely true that I live a more comfortable life than I did 10 years ago," he says. "Back then I was younger and tougher, and it hurt less to sleep on a hard floor. Now, I like a nice thread count, I like a nice hotel, I like a nice shirt or



With his wife, Ottavia, in Miami in 2014

a good jacket." But also, he says, "if I've been smart about anything, it's saying no to loads of shit" — meaning product endorsements and brand tie-ins. "A lot of people wouldn't be able to resist it."

He hasn't resisted everything. He recently filmed his first Hollywood cameo, playing himself in *The Big Short*, an upcoming financial flick directed by Adam McKay and starring Brad Pitt. There's also Bourdain Market (he insists his business partner chose the name), a huge (and hugely expensive) Asian-style food bazaar set to open in Manhattan next year. "It's not a food court; it's a real market," Bourdain says. "There will be butchers and produce and fishmongers. It will serve an important, everyday function. Its heart and soul will be Asian, but I've also been recruiting Mexicans, Peru-

vians, Brazilians. It's going to be independent mom-and-pop stuff they've been doing for generations, at an affordable price. As a proud New Yorker, I'm sort of pissed that we don't have it already. Why can't we have what Singapore or Hong Kong has? We're a huge, multicultural city, a melting pot. Do we not have enough Chinese or Mexicans to do amazing food from their homes?"

When he looks back on the guy who wrote *Kitchen Confidential*, or even the first few seasons of his TV shows — the chain-smoking 42-year-old in the leather jacket and Ramones T-shirt and gold earring — "I think *immature* is the word," says Bourdain. "Self-indulgent. Infatigable. But there was also an arrogance that I'm proud of. I don't deny that guy; I'm not ashamed of him. I still see that guy all the time on the road, when people come up to me on the road and say, 'You used to be cool.' I get that! You're working for a living — you're cleaning out the fryer, serving 300 diners a night. And look at what I'm doing. I totally respect that point of view."

VERY MORNING in Kuala Lumpur, Bourdain is down in the lobby at 6:45 AM to take the van to a local jujitsu academy for training. Bourdain started doing jujitsu about two years ago, after his wife — an aspiring pro who spends hours a day practicing moves like "face-cranking" and "knee-reaping" — got him to try a class by bribing him with Vicodin. Now he trains in every city he visits, from Okinawa to Budapest. Thanks to jujitsu, he's lost 30 pounds, gotten himself off Lipitor, and even kicked his two-pack-a-day cigarette habit. "If I smoke now, I *will* get my ass kicked," he says. "It's humiliating. I can't even make it through warm-ups."

Despite the physical benefits, Bourdain loves jujitsu for its mental aspect. "It's an exercise in problem-solving," he says. He's

Travel Wisdom From the Master

THE VETERAN GLOBE-TROTTER ON HOW TO THRIVE OVERSEAS

BEWARE THE BUFFET

"Stay away from the hotel buffet. It's the food that has the most number of hands on it and the least amount of love given to it. It's for a transient audience — they know you won't be there when you're shitting like a mink, so why should they care? Also, the hotel buffet is ethically a crime. If you're eating spaghetti Bolognese in Chiang Mai, there's something wrong with you."

SKIP THE SOUVENIRS

"I have a bunch of knickknacks, and most of it's crap, so I stopped buying stuff. It's just sad shit for someone to clean up when I die. A 17th-century headhunter's codpiece? Who wants that?"

THE HOTEL IS KEY

"I'm a whore for the Chateau Marmont. I will do all sorts of terrible things so I can stay in that hotel. Hazzlit's in London is quirky and wonderful. I love any majestic old colonial hotel in Asia or Africa left behind by the French or the Brits — the Metropole in Hanoi, the Grand Hotel d'Angkor in Angkor Wat, the Continental in Tangier. If Graham Green stayed there, chances are I'll like it."

ALL AIRPORTS ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL

"Changi Airport in Singapore is amazing. They've got swimming pools, a movie theater, an orchid

garden, massages. Narita in Tokyo is also excellent — they have a sensational sushi bar. O'Hare, meanwhile, is a fucking misery. When I'm at an airport in Congo, I don't expect an In-N-Out Burger or a Shake Shack, but when I pull into a major American city and there's nothing but a Johnny Rocket's and a Chili's? I'm testy. We're a great nation. As a patriot I expect more of my country."

WATCH YOUR HANDS

"I always go out of my way to be briefed on offensive gestures in a country. We learned that lesson a long time ago. Nobody on our crew does 'A-OK' anymore — early on, our cameraman Todd was relentless

at it, until finally I was like, 'You do understand that you're asking if they'll ass-fuck you, right?'"

NUMBER TWO IS NUMBER ONE

"We talk about bathrooms a lot. Good plumbing is something you hold dear, because it's few and far between. The best toilets are in Japan — any old-school ryokan with the deep tub, or the toilet that plays Guns N' Roses. And the worst would have to be Harbin, in China, in the winter. It's freezing cold, and you go in there and it's two slats and a deep trench and a 25-foot frozen stalagmite of shit. Just an Everest-size mountain of shit in a hole. Mother of God."

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Bourdain is opening New York's first Asian-style food bazaar next year.

Trench by Billy Reid. T-shirt by Baldwin

not spiritual about it: "All the good health and shit, for me, that's a by-product of the head game. It's much closer to writing for me. On a good writing day, I'll write myself into a corner, then spend the rest of the day trying to solve the problem I've created for myself. Jujitsu is like that. You get your ass kicked, spend the day thinking about it, then go back the next day to see if you figured anything out."

(Which is not to say he doesn't also enjoy the baser pleasures of a sport that features MMA-style submission holds from time to time. "When you're 58 years old and you feel a 22-year-old die in your arms — that's fucking awesome.")

Bourdain, a white belt, is realistic about his jujitsu expectations. "I'll never be beating 28-year-old former college wrestlers," he says. "If I suck a little bit less than I did last week, that's enough for me." That said, he would like to enter a seniors competition someday — to show up at a tournament without having his name announced, "meet a stranger, and leave it all on the mat. But I don't want some fucking weightlifter coming out of retirement just for the pleasure of snapping my neck."

So far, knock on wood, he's been hurt badly only once. But it was a doozy: He tore his groin. "I heard someone scream, and it was me," he recalls, wincing. For a year he had to lie in bed for 15 minutes every morning, trying to figure out how to stand up without hurting himself. "There's a certain kind of muscle pain that is good for you," he says. "That is not it." Now his daughter — who's also started dabbling in jujitsu — likes to remind him before he leaves for class: "Remember, Dada — you're old."

"My happiest moments on the show are when we've finished shooting and say, 'Wow, who gets to do this?'"

IN HIS LAST AFTERNOON in Kuala Lumpur, while the five o'clock rains pour from the skies, Bourdain is in his hotel room writing a voice-over for the Ethiopia episode for the upcoming season. (He accompanied chef Marcus Samuelsson — an ethnic Ethiopian who was adopted by a Swedish family as a baby — back to his old village to explore questions of African identity. "It's an amazing episode," Bourdain says.) Then, after another quick nap ("I'm a big believer in naps"), it's back in the van to visit the Jalan Alor — one of the city's largest night markets — to film a scene and do some research for Bourdain Market as well.

Bourdain spends an hour being filmed strolling up and down the street, checking out the mountains of durian and jackfruit, the stalls overflowing with stacks of chicken satay. He grabs a plastic table near the street and orders a Tiger beer and a huge dinner for one, a parade of entrées he samples for the cameras. "That's black-pepper crab," he says, pointing. "That's

char kway teow. And I don't know what the fuck that is, but it's delicious."

Bourdain says there are two things he loves about *Parts Unknown*. The first is the technical satisfaction of creating something, "of being involved in a process that results in a thing." The second is learning. "Knowing a little more than I did last week. Progressing in some incremental way." He points to a tattoo on his arm, a quote from one of the Greek skeptics. "This says, more or less, 'I am certain of nothing,' and that's how I feel. I'm pretty sure that cheese and sausage are good. Other than that, it's a world of confusion and uncertainty."

One of the less-observed facts about Bourdain — yet also a central part of his appeal — is that he's actually not all that worldly. He speaks a little French, enough to get by at a restaurant, and he knows enough Italian to understand when his wife and daughter are making fun of him. But beyond that he has no language expertise, and he'd barely traveled out of the country before he filmed *A Cook's Tour*. "I'd been to France a few times, and the Caribbean and Mexico, but that was it," he says. "I hadn't even been to L.A. until my book came out."

There are some places Bourdain knows a lot about, like Vietnam or Japan, where he often returns. "But there's other places where I'll say fuck it and just wing it," he says. "The audience learns as I learn." It's his innate curiosity, his willingness to engage and admit his ignorance that helps make the show so appealing. Bourdain says he enjoys the feeling of dislocation and is comfortable being lost in a strange place. "But there aren't a lot of those places left," he says. "I've been everywhere." (continued on page 86)

 WILLIAM HENRY



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John McAfee in
Tennessee in May.
In the '90s he
made \$100 million
by creating the
first computer
antivirus software.





Can John McAfee, a gun-toting, vodka-swilling
serial liar, save us from the hackers
who want to spy on us and steal our identities?

BY **STEPHEN RODRICK**

PHOTOGRAPH BY **CHRIS BUCK**



THE PROPHET OF PARANOIA



John McAfee surveys the woods surrounding his Tennessee home while his 100-pound komondor, Marley, shits on his neighbor's property. The computer-security guru and sometime murder suspect believes he has discovered proof that the Sinaloa cartel is tracking his movements.

It has something to do with a schmear. The 70-year-old McAfee resembles an ocelot, with his striped and streaked hair. He is probably still a multimillionaire, but he chain-smokes generic cigarettes the way a toddler eats Goldfish crackers. He exhales, as a hawk circles above.

"All they eat is cream cheese," McAfee says between phlegmy hacks. "Must be for the protein. I find cream cheese packets everywhere. Some of them are out-of-date."

Inside, somebody named Bob writes down the license plate of every car that drives by the property. McAfee believes Bob's brother is working for the cartel, but that's really neither here nor there. McAfee scans the dirt for plastic.

"If there's cream cheese, I know the cartel has been here."

SAY WHAT YOU WILL about John McAfee — and people say a lot of nasty things — but he was one of the first nerds to warn the world of an impending computer-security crisis, a pioneer whose paranoia served a legitimate purpose.

Long before the Y2K freak-out, he — after stints as a computer programmer at Lock-

heed and NASA — built McAfee Associates out of his home in the late 1980s, creating an antivirus program for corporations before most companies knew what a virus was. At first, he gave it away to individuals, then he began to license it to companies. Oh, and he had the self-promotional skills of a young Johnny Knoxville. He transformed an RV into a Ghostbusteresque antivirus mobile unit, arriving in the parking lots of threatened firms. In 1997, he warned of the coming Michelangelo virus and claimed it would destroy whole corporations. It turned out to be just a computer fart in the wind. By then it didn't matter. McAfee sold his shares in McAfee Associates for \$100 million.

He headed into semiretirement, working on some projects — including a before-its-time chat program — and bugging the fuck out of people. He bought a sprawling property in Molokai and proceeded to take out newspaper ads pointing out drug houses. McAfee then sold his property, amid rumors he was going to develop it into condos. Neither act endeared him to locals. He moved to New Mexico and created an aircraft business, renting out ultralight planes that could swoop in and out of canyons. That ended in tragedy when his nephew and a passenger flew into a canyon wall. McAfee was recently found negligent in their deaths to the tune of \$2.5 million. (McAfee claims they were shot down by a drug cartel hiding in the canyons.)

McAfee lives by the *Liberty Valance* credo: "When the legend becomes fact, print the legend." He moved to Belize in 2008 and, depending on his mood, told reporters that he was either seeking to create antibiotics out of natural herbs, developing female Viagra, or manufacturing bath salts, a synthetic hallucinogenic. (Regarding the last claim, McAfee later said he was just pulling the chains of reporters.)

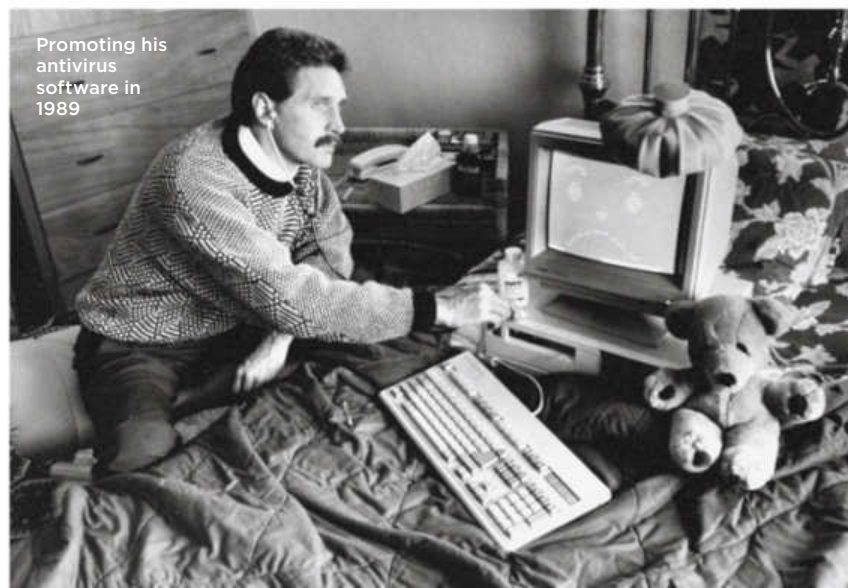
What isn't up for debate is that McAfee had a posse of teenage girls living with him. They were misfits, runaways, and troublemakers; one pulled a gun on him. (His stay in Belize is so notorious that there is a libidinous, perhaps insane, gun-wielding

character living in Belize in novelist Jonathan Franzen's upcoming *Purity* that bears a resemblance to McAfee.) Ask him what he was thinking when he decided to shack up with a harem one-third of his age, and McAfee will flash a devilish smile and say simply he was single and having fun. The "fun" took a sour turn in April 2012, when a Belizean SWAT team raided his island estate looking for criminal activity and shot and killed his dog. That November, his American expat neighbor was murdered by gunshot.

Considering his past run-ins with the government, McAfee feared a frame-up. He went on the run, causing a media frenzy largely created by McAfee himself, who allowed two staffers from the website Vice to tag along as he fled for Guatemala. This backfired magnificently when the Vice crew posted a picture of McAfee in hiding but forgot to scrub the geo data that pinpointed them to a Guatemalan resort. Oops! McAfee was arrested for entering the country illegally, and authorities considered deporting him to Belize. Guatemala eventually grew sick of the drama, didn't press charges, and allowed him to head home to the United States.

That was more than two years ago. McAfee laid low for a while, sometimes literally: under cars to avoid his purported enemies. But he resurfaced earlier this year, touting new business partners and apps to fight off data stealers. He warned of security anarchy that would ruin families, governments, and perhaps Western civilization.

And that's when I meet him. Tanned but hardly rested, McAfee is ready for his comeback. But things are different now. Once, McAfee was seen as a semidangerous rogue; now he has to prove he's not just an eccentric sideshow. A half-decade ago, he posed for magazines on his beachfront estate surrounded by girls and guns. Now he is staying in no-tell Alabama motels while spreading his message, managing a mortal-coil-cutting cough, and living in rural Tennessee, not far from a casket store called Til Death Does Us Part. The question now is: Will anybody buy what John McAfee is selling?



Promoting his antivirus software in 1989

Contributing editor STEPHEN RODRICK wrote about *Liev Schreiber* in the July/August issue.



With bodyguards in Belize, a week before being accused of murder in 2012



McAfee says the Mexican cartel is trying to kill him: “We are running for our lives.”



entrepreneur, Taylor Rosenthal, an eighth-grader. The kid's idea is a chain of first-aid vending machines — think Redbox and Coinstar — that could be positioned at rock festivals and sporting events, or wherever drunken people gather. He's skipped school today to meet McAfee, who is impressed.

McAfee makes a joke about keeping Rosenthal on the premises in a cage.

“You'll actually like it in the cage. We'll put puppies in that cage with you every now and then.”

The boy looks confused, shakes McAfee's hand, and retreats.

McAfee rubs his eyes and says he needs a nap. Before he goes, I ask him why he thinks people take such pleasure breaking into other people's private lives.

“People are people,” says McAfee. “There is dissatisfaction in all of us. Some of us take out that dissatisfaction by attempting to ruin whatever you are attempting to do. This is a fact of life.”



HAT EVENING, I meet McAfee in the lobby of the Microtel, a budget motel whose name says it all. A fellow guest eats Doritos and watches the Weather

Channel while the rain turns the Alabama red dirt into brown clay.

“I don't have any credit cards or anything in my name, so we try to do things cheaply,” McAfee tells me as Janice sleeps upstairs. He's letting her rest because tomorrow will be a long day: a dawn flight from Atlanta to Las Vegas, where McAfee is giving a speech before the National Association of Broadcasters, and then back on a red-eye. (Obviously, McAfee can't overnight in Vegas for security reasons.) “If nothing is in my name, it's harder to find me.”

McAfee insists he wants this story to be about his future and not his past, but he can't help recounting prior glories. He explains that after his Belizean property was raided



JOHN MCAFEE LOOKS like an elderly man who has driven through the night while inhaling nicotine instead of oxygen.

That's because he has, motoring 313 miles from his Lexington, Tennessee, home to the main offices of his new venture, Future Tense Central, in Opelika, Alabama. Future Tense is located within Round House, which is basically a storefront with some cubicles for Web entrepreneurs taking advantage of the fact Opelika has one of the six fastest internet services in the country. For McAfee, he's using that bandwidth to peddle two apps he says will keep you safe. There's D-Vasive, which prevents malicious apps from infiltrating your phone's vulnerable points — camera, WiFi, recorder — the minute you're done using them, and D-Central, a program that ranks the risk of your apps from one to 100.

Some computer experts say this kind of protection is crucial, suggesting that your smartphone is as secure as a vacation cottage with a COME ON IN sign posted on the mailbox.

“Your phone is no different than a house,” says Babak Pasdar, a security expert and CEO of Bat Blue Networks. “That house has doors designed to have people come and go, and windows designed to see out. The doors can be used to compromise the system and steal information or spy.”

Like any good salesman, McAfee says his apps are the only thing that can save you from the coming apocalypse.

“I can guarantee you, there are thousands of teenage girls taking showers right now with waterproof phones, texting, who are being watched by somebody,” says McAfee.

Maybe five years ago, McAfee would have been dismissed as a giant nut bag, but too many holes have been punched into our computer systems to dismiss him now. Last spring, thousands of emails detailing the petty personal thoughts of Hollywood's dream makers were laid bare when Sony had its email system pried open for the world to see. The email lists of Adult FriendFinder and Ashley Madison, naughty services for men and women seeking extracurricular sexual shenanigans, were released on the Web. There are now rumors that China has wormed into the mainframes of Pentagon subcontractors.

We no longer have the tools to judge the sanity of people saying paranoid things about privacy and security because so many things we would have written off as dystopian delusions have come true. Now we have to judge our nut bags on a case-by-case basis. Reality has caught up to McAfee's paranoia.

An hour or two after his arrival, I'm sitting in his office as his wife, Janice, brings him coffee. His business partner, Tom Gusinski, a stoic middle-aged man, stands with his arms folded. Despite McAfee's multichekered past, Gusinski kept bugging him to join Round House, and his patience has been rewarded with D-Vasive and D-Central. He accepts McAfee as he is and probably wouldn't even mind that John could not recall his last name in a later conversation.

Outside the door lingers a man with a pistol tucked between his shirt and waistband. It's John Pool, McAfee's driver and gofer, and a guy who accessorizes with no fewer than five handguns. He asks McAfee if he needs anything but is ushered out of the way when Gusinski brings in Round House's youngest

and his dog was killed, he gave all the cute governmental secretaries laptops, knowing their minister bosses would steal them. What they didn't know, McAfee says, was, in order to find out why the government was targeting him, he had installed spyware on the computers, which fed him reams of information on bureaucratic malfeasance. (Despite numerous requests and promises, McAfee never provided any damning documents or any documents at all.)

"There was not a single word about me in the files," he explains, sounding disappointed. "But everything else under the sun. Scary shit. I became addicted. I couldn't stop looking."

McAfee believes it was his discovery of Belizean corruption that eventually forced him to leave the country. Well, that and the murder of his neighbor, Gregory Faull, another American expatriate sunning his life away in Belize. McAfee admits that Faull was pissed about McAfee's dogs roaming on the beach but says that he held no rancor toward the man. Faull was found dead of a single bullet wound on November 11, 2012. While the local police insisted they wanted McAfee only for questioning — 300 yards separated their properties — he hightailed it into the bush, eventually hooking up with Vice News and publishing online pieces proclaiming his innocence.

The Belizean government's response was succinct: "John McAfee is extremely paranoid, even bonkers," said Prime Minister Dean Barrow.

After Vice gave away his location, McAfee was arrested by Guatemalan authorities. As he tells it, McAfee was given his own cell, WiFi, and good food but still feared extradition to Belize. He suffered a heart attack while detained, and footage of his body being loaded into an ambulance received global coverage.

But that's not what happened. According to McAfee, the Belizean government had only one more day to get the Guatemalans to deport him, so he faked a heart attack. He offers a mischievous smile.

"I fell on my face very authentically in the cell," says McAfee. "I busted my nose, blood everywhere, and they took me to the hospital." He magically recovered that afternoon and was soon sent to the United States.

Very little of this, of course, is verifiable, and even McAfee admits that he's lied about his past before. Some of the lies are sort of genius. When *Dateline* did a piece on his life, he nearly convinced an NBC producer that he had a decades-old contract with former NBC head Dick Ebersol that he be described as "the nation's preeminent security expert." This was not true.

Not all of the lies have been of the yuk-yuk variety; many have been self-serving Machiavellian chess moves minimizing his wealth to make himself less appealing to lawsuits. In 2009, the *New York Times* ran a story about gazillionaires scaling down as a

With his wife, Janice, in Tennessee in 2014



“You’d be paranoid if you lived through what I’ve lived through.”

result of the recession, and McAfee was the star. “What I said was absolutely false,” says McAfee. “Because it made a great story. A guy at the top is now at the bottom. At the time, I owned nine mansions around the world that had not been sold.”

Who knows, maybe he's lying about the lying. He excuses himself to wake Janice. A few minutes later, John Pool brings around a tricked-out truck raised three feet off the ground, resplendent with a siren and a blinding spotlight, to take us to a sushi restaurant for a Future Tense dinner.

“I took this in for service and someone broke into the garage and attached a control board to the grille so they could make us wreck,” says McAfee, as Pool and Janice nod

in agreement. At dinner, McAfee throws back a half-dozen sake shots even though he's been telling reporters for years that he doesn't drink. He promises to show me the control board when we get back to Tennessee. (He doesn't.)

On our way back to the Microtel, McAfee tells me he spent most of 2014 on the road, bouncing from Ireland to Scotland and then to the Southwest, fleeing, he says, the Sinaloa cartel. McAfee believes the Belizean government has hired the cartel to either a) kill him, b) capture him, or c) drive him bananas. (He offers no proof.) One afternoon, they pulled into an Arizona truck stop and Janice noticed a Ford F-150 pickup truck was trailing them. McAfee pulled out of the station, playing cat and mouse on single-lane roads with the truck. He remembers punching his Focus up to 120 miles per hour before the F-150 backed off. When I ask why the truck didn't just run him off the road, McAfee smiles.

“He's just doing a job. We are running for our life.”

AS THE SUN comes up, McAfee, Janice, and I wedge into the last row of a Delta flight bound for Vegas. Across the aisle sits Andrew, a Future Tense assistant, and John Pool, who insisted we get to the airport two hours early because Janice was checking some guns.

"It's probably a good idea," reasons McAfee, simultaneously gobbling a croissant and a bag of chips. "A black woman with dreads and a past checking guns could raise some questions."

Janice is a nervous flier. One of the reasons McAfee loves her, he told me once, is that she's just as suspicious as he is. McAfee holds her hand until we reach cruising altitude, and she falls asleep. He then tells me how they met.

"After I got out of Guatemala, I was resting in Miami, and a woman came into a diner and offered to blow me for a hundred bucks," says McAfee as he scarfs another croissant. "I was exhausted and told her, 'No thanks, but if you'd like to cuddle, I'll compensate you.'" The two began a whirlwind romance on the run, but first McAfee had to tell her pimp to bug off or he'd send him home in a body bag. (The only verifiable part of this story is that Janice was once a call girl.)

"I felt like I was a lost soul," Janice told me later. "I felt like everyone had given up on me. I just didn't know where to start to turn my home life around, and he's been there for me. I don't like to let him out of my sight."

They briefly bounced around the U.S. and Canada in hopes of ditching their pursuers, but McAfee says they were unsuccessful. The couple eventually wound up in Portland, Oregon. Their secluded bliss ended in the summer of 2013, when the Belizean soccer team came to Portland to play the United States.

"The Belizean team had never played a game out of Belize," says McAfee. He beckons the flight attendant to bring him a Jack and Coke. "A coincidence? I don't think so. My sources told me 22 of them stayed behind after the game."

In reality, Belize had been in the country to play the USA as part of the CONCACAF tournament, for which Belize had qualified for the first time. (A quick check later proved that the team had played many games outside of its nation.)

Shortly after the game, according to McAfee, Janice and John looked out the window of their Portland condo and saw a fleet of cars idling in the middle of the night. So they fled. "You see two police officers, a limousine, a black fucking garbage truck all in a line pull up — it's a scary scene."

He didn't file a police report, and local media stories suggest in reality McAfee was evicted from his condo for lack of payment.

McAfee orders another drink and pulls out a scrap of paper for his speech this afternoon. He has a trick up his sleeve to demonstrate how vulnerable all of us are to data breaches. He takes my Android phone — which McAfee claims is the easiest phone

to hack — and taps the Facebook app. He touches a few buttons and gets into the Permissions sections.

"This is what you have given Facebook license to do. Directly call phone numbers, read your text messages, take pictures and videos, record audio, approximate where you are, read and modify contacts, send emails without owner's knowledge, modify calendar events, read contact cards, modify contents of storage."

I confess to McAfee that I didn't know I'd consented to all of this. He shoots me a contemptuous glare and polishes off drink number two.

"Because you didn't bother to look," says McAfee. "You're like 99.99 percent of Americans. If they choose to get in the porn business, because they've taken hundreds of thousands of pictures of people doing sex acts, that's their right to do so. And you can do nothing about it." He cackles and pats Janice on the head. "But this is Facebook,



With business partner Tom Gusinski in Alabama in February

for chrissakes, they're not going to get into the porn business. You're lucky."

McAfee gives me an example of how easy it is to tap in to someone's smartphone, most of which have the data capacity of a desktop computer. With some basic information and a guessed password, McAfee can now monitor all the echats and emails sent by Janice's daughter, living in the Bay Area. He fears some of her online friends are not on the level.

"They're just dirty old men," says McAfee. "I do know the people she's talking to are not who they claim to be. End of story. Now, do I, as a father, have a right to spy on my 13-year-old daughter? That's the fundamental question."

After four and a half hours, we descend into Vegas. Janice frantically taps McAfee on the shoulder and shows him her phone.

"I got a 1-800 call."

McAfee sighs. He pops out the battery of her phone and pauses before reinstalling.

"Don't call it back. That's an easy way to trace our movements."

BACKSTAGE at the Las Vegas Convention Center, McAfee and Andrew huddle and work their phones, setting up a stunt for 200 attendees of the broadcasters convention. I sit with Pool, a balding, white-haired man with a penchant for endless Southern-fried chatter and a devout belief in his boss. "He doesn't go anywhere without me," says Pool, blowing on his coffee. He won't exactly say what he did before working with McAfee, but it involved a "connected" family in Chicago. "I know there are bad guys out to get him and it's not going to happen on my watch. I don't need sleep, I can watch all day and all night." Pool makes a face and excuses himself. A few minutes later, he returns holding a napkin to his bleeding mouth. I ask him what happened.

"I had a tooth that was bothering me so I went outside and asked a construction worker if I could borrow a wrench." He shows me an off-color fang that was in his mouth 10 minutes ago. Pool tosses it into the trash. He flashes a gap-toothed smile. "Now I can enjoy my coffee."

It's showtime before this can be fully processed. McAfee takes the stage. Andrew sits off to the side on a stool. McAfee asks for a volunteer from the audience who is willing to give him a personal phone number and the number of someone in a contact list.

A man takes the stage and gives him the number of his friend Katie. McAfee pushes some buttons on his phone and calls the man. It rings and the


number comes up as Katie's, but when the man answers he doesn't hear Katie's voice — he hears McAfee's.

"What I did was a simple test called spoofing; I can make anybody look like they're calling anybody," says McAfee. "What I just did could be done by any 12-year-old boy. Our mobile phones have become the greatest spy on the planet."

McAfee says he is going to dial Andrew from his phone. Andrew has an ordinary phone except for the fact McAfee has installed a flashlight app on it. But unlike most flashlight apps that provide light, this flashlight app forces on the camera on Andrew's phone. Almost immediately, McAfee receives a photograph on his phone. It is of Andrew's face.

The room oohs and aahs.

"These apps are not all designed by Google or IBM," says McAfee. "Some of them are designed (continued on page 86)

A full-page photograph of a man rappelling down a rope. He is wearing a red t-shirt, dark pants, and yellow sneakers. He is positioned in the lower half of the frame, looking towards the camera. The background features a bright blue sky with wispy clouds and dark, craggy rock formations. A thick rope runs vertically from the top of the frame down to the man. On the right side, a portion of a light-colored rock face is visible.

THE RADICAL CALM

OF ALEX HONNOLD

by **JOSEPH HOOPER**

photographs by
IAN ALLEN

A series of heart-stopping, rope-free ascents up some of the world's most forbidding pitches has given climbing something it's never had before: a household name. On the wall with a real rock star.



Alex Honnold,
opposite, swings
high above the
trees on Yosemite's
El Capitan.

IT'S THE MIDDLE OF A NORTHERN CALIFORNIA WINTER NIGHT, AND ALEX HONNOLD, 30, IS HURTLING TOWARD YOSEMITE VALLEY IN HIS WHITE 2002 ECONOLINE, KNOWN IN CLIMBING CIRCLES AS THE "PEDOPHILE VAN." HE'S TAKING IT AS FAST AND CASUALLY AS POSSIBLE, ATTEMPTING TO ALLAY THE BOREDOM OF THESE THREE-HOUR COMMUTES FROM HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE IN SACRAMENTO TO THE VALLEY WHERE HE CAME OF AGE AS A CLIMBER AND THAT REMAINS HIS FAVORITE SPOT. "I'M PAYING AT LEAST 70 PERCENT ATTENTION TO THE ROAD," HE TELLS ME AS THE ENGINE WHINES. "I'M USUALLY EATING PISTACHIOS OR READING ON THE PHONE, TAKING CARE OF TEXTS, LIKE, JUST DEALING. I'M ACTUALLY DRIVING MELLOWER NOW FOR YOU. DRIVING INTO THE VALLEY LAST NIGHT, THE TIRES WERE SQUEALING ON EVERY CORNER. I THINK MY TIRES MIGHT BE KIND OF GHETTO."

This trip is a special occasion of sorts. Tomorrow morning he plans to sprint to the summit of the most formidable peak in the valley, El Capitan, to greet Tommy Caldwell and Kevin Jorgeson as they complete their historic three-week assault on El Cap's Dawn Wall. He'll be acting in the unaccustomed role of cheerleader — for his good friend Caldwell, who will temporarily supplant him as the most celebrated climber in America.

Honnold being Honnold, he wants his El Cap entrance to be handled in a particular and dramatic way, the way he and Caldwell cooked it up. The plan is for him to ascend via the standard East Ledges route, about 400 feet of fixed rope and 2,500 feet of steep hiking, with Caldwell's 21-month-old son, Fitz, strapped to his back so the boy can be reunited with his dad on the summit. But when the folks at Patagonia, Caldwell's primary sponsor, got wind of the plan, they were aghast. Now Caldwell's wife, Becca, is on the phone, telling Honnold that it's not going to happen. He doesn't go down without a fight, or a parting shot. "That's like typical PR shit, and it's so annoying. That's why she works in an office," he says of the Patagonia rep. "The rest of us don't work in an office because we actually do things."

That would be a breathtaking understatement in his case. Honnold didn't invent the idea of rock climbing without a rope — that goes back to the origins of the sport — but no one before him had even contemplated climbing the highest, longest, and most intimidating rock faces in the world alone, with no protection, betting everything on supreme self-confidence and skill. Over the past seven years, his free solos of rock faces including Yosemite's Half Dome and Mexico's El Sen-

dero Luminoso have redefined what can be done in climbing and sparked a debate about whether it should be done at all. No rope, no gear besides rock slippers and a chalk bag, no plan B. You slip, you fall, you die.

Honnold has become the face of climbing by, paradoxically, embracing a blood sport version of it that is unthinkable to almost all his fans, who are perfectly content to climb risk-free in the gym or outdoors with proper safety gear. "He has made millions of people want to try rock climbing," says Sender Films' Peter Mortimer, creator of state-of-the-art climbing films. A new memoir, *Alone on the Wall*, out in November, is set to inspire multitudes more. With his off-the-charts abilities and laconic, whip-smart, no-B.S. persona, Honnold has made climbing cool. (Nearly 200,000 people follow him on Facebook.) Climbing has a bona fide rock star.

EVEN WITHOUT FITZ ON HIS BACK, Honnold still has to get me to the summit of El Cap. We ascend using jumars, handle-shaped devices that clamp onto two fixed ropes. Push up on them, they slide up freely. Pull down and they lock into the rope so you can use them as leverage to haul yourself up. The motion is seesaw and not unduly strenuous if you have the hang of it, but hellish if, like me, you've never climbed with them. I'm flapping like a hooked fish suspended over the East Ledges, but Honnold is amazingly patient, offering low-key climbing tips as though we've got all the time in the world, despite the fact that, for all we know, my frozen-on-the-ropes routine could cost him the chance for his summit reunion with Caldwell. Finally, my body uncoils and I get the counterintuitive rhythm of the thing. Only the next day, as we're hanging out in his van, does he permit himself a bit of snark: "Thank goodness you managed to overcome fierce odds and summit the mountain."

When we do make it to the top, the Dawn Wall welcoming committee is, as Honnold predicted, "a total *Gong Show*": maybe 40 people — friends, family, journalists, hangers-on — massed on a plateau. Everybody recognizes Honnold; some hellos are exchanged, but nobody wants to look uncool by making too big a fuss. Caldwell and Jorgeson still have hours to creep up minuscule holds before they top out, so we hike away from the group to a level slab of granite bathed in winter sun. Honnold has climbed El Cap scores of times, had his share of epics on it, and our climb today was, by his standards, a joke. But simply being 3,000 feet above the valley floor, the pine trees miniaturized by the distance, makes him intensely happy. "I like the void," he says. "But I think a lot of people do. Most of the big skyscrapers have observation decks where you look down through a glass floor or whatever. And people love that shit. It's just that, generally, people aren't lucky enough to get in those situations, and I am."

From up here he can take in nearly the whole of the valley, the seven-mile-long trench gouged out by glaciers and hemmed in by vertical walls. This is the laboratory where he first learned to climb rocks, in his late teens, and then, in just a few years of accelerated development, reimagined what was possible on them. In 2012, for instance, he and a partner, Hans Florine, broke the record for the fastest ascent of El Cap's most iconic route, the Nose, in two hours and 23 minutes. A month prior, he and Caldwell free-climbed the three great Yosemite faces, El Cap, Mount Watkins, and Half Dome, in a single 21-hour push.

Still, his solos grab most of the glory. Two weeks after Honnold's one-day "Yosemite Triple" with Caldwell, he did it alone, free-soloing most of the moves but using a looped nylon sling called a daisy chain to clip into bolts on the hardest, or crux, moves. But it was back in 2008 that Honnold pulled off what may still be his most momentous ascent: a free solo of the northwest face of Half Dome, the bulbous face that, as Honnold and I chat, stares at us from across the Merced River. Imagine a tiny figure suspended 2,000 feet above the ground on a vertical ocean of granite. As he writes in his forthcoming memoir, this was the scene of his "very private hell." Just shy of the summit, Honnold balked at trusting his life to a glassy ripple of rock that he had to stick with his right foot before he could push his body upward and finish the climb. His compromise with mortality was to touch an old carabiner hanging from the face with his index finger. He figured that if he began the fatal slide off the face, he could probably snag the 'biner with his finger on the way down. The important thing for him was not to grab the piece of gear unless he absolutely had to. "I didn't want to invalidate the 2,000 feet of [free-] climbing I did up to there," he says.

Contributing editor JOSEPH HOOPER wrote about the risks of eating red meat in the September issue of Men's Journal.

Scaling the Arch
of Bishekele,
in Chad's
Ennedi Desert



No rope, no gear besides rock slippers and a chalk bag, no plan B. You slip, you fall, you die.

HONNOLD GREW UP IN Sacramento, just a few hours from Yosemite, but, amazingly, he barely touched rock until his late teens. Instead, he spent almost every afternoon at a nearby climbing gym, getting belayed by his obliging father, Charles, a community-college professor, or bouldering at the gym by himself, spending hours on demanding holds just a few feet above the floor.

As Honnold describes it, family life was on the chilly side. His parents had stayed

together for the sake of the kids, divorcing only after Alex and his older sister, Stasia, had finished high school. "Which is kind of one of those unfortunate things," he says, "because they were both way cooler once they got divorced."

The teenage Honnold was almost pathologically shy, keeping the world at bay with his ubiquitous hoodie, a cross between a monk's cowl and a security blanket. He was too smart, too nerdy (Magic: The Gather-

ing was a lively pursuit), and too uninterested in team sports for high school to be anything other than endured. (His classmates had no clue he was building himself into a world-class athlete.) He says the source of his teen angst wasn't so much home life — he didn't realize at the time how screwed up his parents' marriage was — but rather what he describes as "teenage shit," garden-variety. "I had a poor complexion and was kind of gangly-looking — just not cool at all, with, like, no real prospects, no real future," he says. "And you just want to be somebody, you know. You want to do something with your life."

Over time, the looks took care of themselves. He's now a lanky 157 pounds of ropy muscle, long-jawed and deep-voiced, with androgynous man-child flourishes that endear him to the climbing-groupie set. He's got huge brown eyes and a sweet, disarming smile and that sense of purpose he discovered during his freshman year at Berkeley, when "some random dude" took him rock climbing for the first time at Yosemite, on a moderately difficult route he dispatched with ease. He was a natural, the gym strength and technique transferring almost perfectly to rock. The heights, which rattle many gym climbers, acted like a drug on his nervous system. He was turned on.

In every other respect, Berkeley was a disaster. He was living by himself in a family friend's apartment, cut off from his one good high school friend. His sense of being a depressed outsider was so strong, he says, he remembers walking around the campus at night and entertaining the impulse to scale the outside of a dorm building, crawl inside an unoccupied room, and make off with a computer. "I was like, 'Well, that would be easy!'" he says. "And it would have been pretty exciting."

"That's a little sociopathic," I venture.

"There has been more than one person who's asked if I was a sociopath or if I had Asperger's or something," he says.

That craving for adventure and physical risk found a more wholesome outlet in climbing. A family catastrophe opened the door. The summer after his freshman college year, his father keeled over from a heart attack while running to catch a plane at the Phoenix airport. "Every time I fly US Air now, I'm like, 'Fuck this airport!'" he says. "And every time I walk through the terminals there, I think, 'What a horrible place to die.'"

With the financial cushion provided by his father's life insurance and less family pressure to stay in school, Honnold borrowed the family van (the precursor to the Econoline) and embraced the dirtbag lifestyle of the climbing nomad. Living on \$300 a month, he followed the weather to the rock-climbing meccas of Yosemite Valley and Bishop in the Sierra Nevada, Joshua Tree in Southern California, Zion in Utah. After the van gave up the ghost, he continued on bike in the Sierra, a throwback to hardy European alpinists of

the 1930s and '40s who navigated the Alps on their bicycles. "My first season in Bishop, it had just dumped three feet of snow," he recalls, "and the campground was like this abandoned wasteland, empty holes where the tents used to be and everybody gone. It was me and my three-season tent and my bicycle. I spent three weeks there. In the morning I'd be eating a little muffin with a little trickle of ice water as the water in my bottle melted. Pretty grim conditions."

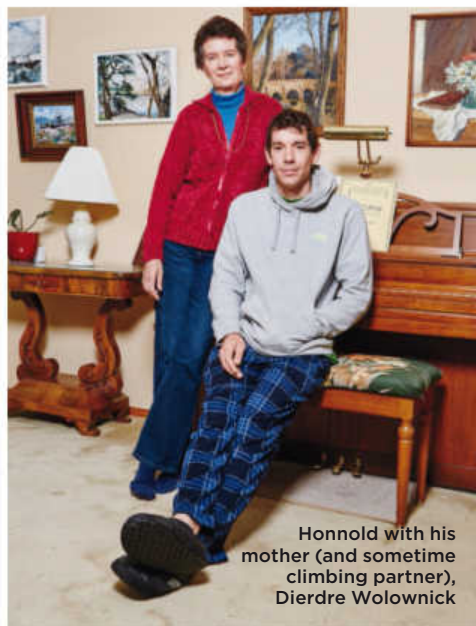
It was in places like these that Honnold honed the mental habits of self-reliance and self-sufficiency that would serve him so well as a soloist. He often climbed without a partner or a rope. He started slow, with hundreds, maybe thousands of climbs in the moderate range, building the confidence and the mental fortitude required to tackle tougher routes with no exit strategy if a foot or a hand pops off a hold. "The motivation has never been, 'Now I'm going to send the raddest shit ever,'" he says. "It's more like, 'I am able to do something that nobody else is doing, so I feel obligated to see where that takes me.'"

In 2007, two years into dirtbag mode, he completed ropeless ascents of two major Yosemite climbs, Astroman and the Rostrum. By the following year, he became a climbing celebrity with his free solo of the sandstone Moonlight Buttress in Zion and then, to even more fanfare, Half Dome. The North Face added him to its roster of sponsored climbers; the less than \$20,000 a year he received more than took care of his modest needs, and the company underwrote exotic climbing trips around the world. Mainstream fame took another three years, with an appearance on *60 Minutes* with Lara Logan breathlessly narrating Honnold's real-time solo on Yosemite's Sentinel.

Now, of course, he's a certified media star. A month before our Dawn Wall outing, Honnold's allure is on full display at Manhattan's Symphony Space theater, where he and his sometime climbing partner Cedar Wright are promoting their new climbing documentary, *Sufferfest 2*. After the screening, a line of mostly 20-something fans, nearly half of them young women, snakes down Broadway. Some wait for up to an hour for an autograph and a selfie. "I love the butt shot," one fangirl says to her friend, referring to a scene in the film where Honnold takes a tumble on his bike, tearing the

seat of his spandex shorts. "His chest and butt are very pale," her friend replies. "I hear he never takes off his shirt."

During the screening, the climbers hang out in the greenroom. Wright tries to pump up Honnold for the postfilm Q&A because there are so many important TV execs in the room. It's a scene that would have been barely imaginable when he was freezing in Bishop, driven by his own private moral scourge. I bring up Walter Bonatti, the pioneering alpine soloist of the 1950s and '60s and one of Honnold's early heroes, who regarded every major climb as a mortal struggle for self-vindication.



Honnold with his mother (and sometime climbing partner), Dierdre Wolownick

"That reminds me of somebody," Wright says, with an exaggerated nod in Honnold's direction. "It's all about approval. For Alex, it's all about trying to prove to his mother that he actually is good enough."

"It's weird, though," Honnold says. "Because now my mom is my biggest fan."

"She's like, 'You've done good, but you know you could do better,'" Wright says with a manic laugh. "His mom is a bit of a classic."

"She is," Honnold says, grinning.

DIERDRE WOLOWNICK (she reclaimed her maiden name after the divorce) is soft-spoken and gracious and possesses a steel core. Honnold describes his mother

as "formidable," as disciplined and goal-oriented as he is. Just retired from teaching multiple Romance languages at the same community college where her ex-husband worked, she's a near concert-level pianist and an author of two travel guidebooks and two novels.

Preoccupied with her own demanding life, Wolownick wasn't much interested in her son's climbing during those first years after he dropped out of college. But when he started getting written up in the climbing magazines, she emerged as his biggest booster and a dogged in-house archivist. "Wait till you see the fucking coffee table," he says. "It's covered in my hall of fame. Now it's more like her being a little over-stoked. For years, though, my sister was the favorite child because she was graduating college and doing well, whereas I was just living in a van, homeless."

Inspired by her son, Wolownick, 64, learned to climb when she was in her late fifties. She's a regular at the Sacramento climbing gym where Honnold trains when he's in town, and she often climbs outdoors on the local crags on weekends. For the past three years, to celebrate her birthday, Honnold has taken her into the High Sierra for daylong ascents — strenuous but not overly technical. He pushes her to her limits, even to the point of collapse. In one instance she had to grab hold of the handle on his pack so he could hustle her off the mountain in the rain and the dark. "Each of these trips," Honnold says, "I've guided, I've chaperoned, I've cajoled her the whole time, and she's, like, barely survived. It's kind of outrageous."

But Wolownick relishes these epics, which have provided her with material to relaunch her writing career. "To trust your child to hold your life in his hands, hour after hour, requires a faith that normal living rarely prepares us for," she wrote in one climbing-magazine essay. "Climbing exposes that faith, pares away what's unnecessary."

I ask Honnold, "Can you hold her if she slips on one of these climbs?"

"Probably," he says. "Almost certainly."

THE DAY AFTER MEETING Caldwell at the Dawn Wall, Honnold finds himself where he often does when he's between major climbing projects: a Yosemite Valley parking lot, sitting in his pajamas in his van, eating cereal

HONNOLD ON FILM

The climber's exploits are well documented, on both quick video clips and in-depth documentaries. Here are four worth seeking out.



ALONE ON THE WALL

This 23-minute restaging of the epic 2008 free solo of the northwest face of Half Dome includes a rare example of Honnold momentarily losing his cool — pinned to a ledge 1,700 feet up (senderfilms.com).



EL SENDERO LUMINOSO

In 2014, Honnold free-soloed this 2,500-foot peak in northern Mexico in just over three hours, a feat captured on a six-minute video shot by his friend and climbing partner Cedar Wright. Find it on YouTube.

and taking advantage of the good cell reception to track down some climbing partners.

By the time we've finished breakfast, he's got five people lined up for an afternoon of bouldering on the valley floor. It's last-minute, but Honnold has in mind one particular "boulder problem," called Dream Snatcher, which turned him back after repeated attempts this past fall. "I'll have to change out of my pj's, I guess," he says.

Dream Snatcher appears to be out of everyone's league today, except for Honnold's. He leaps off the ground and pastes himself on the bulging rock with nothing for his feet to latch on to, his hands clinging to two barely perceptible wrinkles in the surface. "Horrible crimps," he says. Then, before gravity pulls him off the boulder, he somehow propels his body upward and, with his right hand, snags a downward-sloping ledge above him, swings his other arm up to the ledge, and traverses the rock on both hands until he can swing his lead foot up to get the push he needs to complete the next couple of moves. It's as if he's executing a well-memorized piece of choreography: Turn right knee out, twist left ankle in, and so on. Nailing the boulder problem's crux move is especially sweet. "It's the kind of thing that when you do it, you feel like a badass climber," Honnold says.

Of course, what makes Honnold truly badass is his mental game, his ability to shrink the space between the hardest route he can climb with protection and what he is willing to climb without. "Alex's level of commitment is just off the charts compared to anyone else," Caldwell says. Insiders point out that Honnold lacks Caldwell's level of technical skill or the freaky strength-to-weight ratio of Chris Sharma or the young Czech Adam Ondra. But if Sharma or Ondra attempted to free-solo that cavernous Half Dome face, would the mortal gravity of his situation tighten up the muscles enough to place a difficult move, something normally in their wheelhouse, just out of reach? We'll never know, because neither would ever try — the consequence of failure is too unbearable. The pleasure of watching Honnold boulder is that he looks the same at 15 feet without a rope as he does at 1,500 feet.

It's tempting to think of Honnold as fearless. But that's not really the case. The difference is that his fear is overpowered by his faith in his abilities. "If he thinks he can do it, he can do it" is how Wolownick puts it. That confidence is often the result of painstaking practice and intense

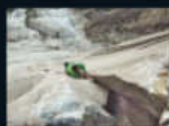


Honnold's home away from home, parked at Yosemite in the shadow of Half Dome

planning. Before his astonishing 2014 free-solo ascent of El Sendero Luminoso — 1,500 feet straight up a face of smooth limestone — Honnold spent days assiduously stripping the route of vegetation and, with a rope, rehearsing moves over and over again. It was only then that he was able to banish the anxiety about the climb from his mind and body and start moving upward without gear. "It went from being sort of an intimidating idea to being like, 'I'm kind of excited to do this,'" he says in a short film Wright made about the ascent.

To me he jokes, "I'm the thinking man's adrenaline junkie."

Honnold is in the middle of a boulder problem when someone in the group shouts out, "Hey, Alex! If you die, I want your van." He gets this kind of thing a lot and can be defensive. "No soloist has ever perished in a soloing accident pushing the limits," Honnold tells me. "And of the cutting-edge soloists, only one or two have died soloing, just sort of like freak accidents. Everybody always says, 'Oh, hard soloing is dangerous,' and I'm like, 'Well, it doesn't seem



• HONNOLD 3.0

This 33-minute career overview explores how Honnold balances ambition and self-preservation and includes real-time footage of his historic Yosemite triple solo of El Cap, Watkins, and Half Dome (senderfilms.com).



• ALEX HONNOLD (CLIMBER'S CUT)

Gorgeously shot by Jimmy Chin, this extended, three-minute version of a Squarespace TV spot captures Honnold free-soloing a Yosemite route, appropriately called Heaven. Available on YouTube.

to be the way that people die.’” Caldwell says of his pal: “It’s an overconfidence that allows you to do great things but can also kill you in the end.”

Caldwell has considered the puzzle of Honnold as deeply as anyone. “Most of us are ruled by our emotions,” he says. “When something attracts us, we gravitate toward it; when we’re afraid of it, we run away. But Alex seems to treat his emotions like a car stereo. When the music gets too loud, he just turns down the dial and keeps driving.”

Whether he knows it or not, that’s a very thoughtful spin on a core Buddhist doctrine of radical equanimity. Honnold was getting at something similar even more casually in *Sufferfest 2*: “The thing about suffering is that you don’t really need to train to suffer. You just do it. And I think I’m getting better at it. Like, it’s feeling more and more mellow.”

“Everybody says, ‘Oh, hard soloing is dangerous,’ and I’m like, ‘Well, it doesn’t seem to be the way that people die.’”

ing, eating, and sleeping, the rear passenger seat long since removed to make room for the thoughtfully organized basics of everyday life. In such a contained space, the propane-fueled stove cooking up our mac and cheese nicely warms up the chilly night. “I’m psyched for this!” he exclaims. “You don’t really need classiness if you’re hungry. You’re just like, ‘Oh, let’s eat some bell pepper and mac and cheese.’” A lacto-ovo vegetarian (that is, eggs and dairy are fine), he tosses some hemp seeds into the

because it’s like, ‘Buy more stuff!’ You don’t really need more stuff.”

There are lines Honnold refuses to cross. He recently said no to a giant soft drink company that offered big money for an ad campaign. (“Soft drinks are, like, heinous,” he says.) Any guilt he does feel, he assuages by tithing a chunk of his annual income to his Honnold Foundation, which helps underwrite sustainable-energy projects. For the past three years, he’s kicked in about \$50,000 a year, about a third of

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“I actually thought about that a lot last season hiking into Patagonia,” Honnold says as we finish lunch on El Cap. “It’s, like, six-hour approaches with a 50-pound backpack, and you’re definitely in pain. It’s very unpleasant. But at the same time, I was like, ‘This is the most beautiful place on Earth. This is amazing!’ It doesn’t matter whether it’s a good experience or a bad one. Either way you’re like, ‘Well, I’m just out there having an experience.’”

And then a second later, the punch line: “Yeah, I think I’m enlightened, dude. I just didn’t know it.”

ON OUR LAST NIGHT IN THE VALLEY, we have a cozy dinner inside the van, which is parked in a friend’s driveway just outside Yosemite. The van’s ergonomics have been refined over 150,000-some miles of driv-

ing, eating, and sleeping, the rear passenger seat long since removed to make room for the thoughtfully organized basics of everyday life. In such a contained space, the propane-fueled stove cooking up our mac and cheese nicely warms up the chilly night. “I’m psyched for this!” he exclaims. “You don’t really need classiness if you’re hungry. You’re just like, ‘Oh, let’s eat some bell pepper and mac and cheese.’” A lacto-ovo vegetarian (that is, eggs and dairy are fine), he tosses some hemp seeds into the

mix to make sure we’re all good in the protein department. As an experiment, he says, he’ll sometimes add sardines. “They seem environmentally the most harmless fish you could possibly eat,” he says. “And nutrient-dense.” Paradoxically, this low-carbon-footprint guy has proved to be a highly effective corporate pitchman. Honnold has appeared in ads for Range Rover, Squarespace, Citigroup — even Dewar’s, an odd choice for a lifelong teetotaler. In each case it’s less about selling the product than selling Honnold as the embodiment of limitless freedom and astonishing courage. As for the booze ad, he parses the morality of it like an economist would. “No one is going to buy seven cases of whiskey because they saw an ad,” he says. “Maybe I’m shifting market share from vodka to whiskey. In some ways I feel worse about clothing ads

an annual income that is enviable by pro-climbing standards. “My sister does all this community-service type stuff in Portland that makes the world a much better place,” he says. “And I make as much in a two-day commercial shoot as she does in five years, which is ridiculous. So the foundation is just my way of trying to keep it balanced.”

This year, however, will be different. Honnold recently signed a six-figure North Face contract so large he can’t quite wrap his head around it: “It’s a five-year, full-on, professional-athlete-style contract — like, whoa!” he says. The money will come in handy because, for the first time in his life, Honnold has assumed some debt, a loan he took out to buy his grandmother’s Lake Tahoe, California, cabin.

The next morning we load up the van and head down to Sacramento. When we pull up

to Wolownick's house, Honnold announces that we've beaten his previous Yosemite-Sac drive-time personal best by five or six minutes, depending on how you calculate the stop for gas. "I'm slowly paring it down," he says. "Kind of exciting." After a quick look around outside ("Home, sweet home . . . Look, Mom's let the yard go after immense pressure from her children about reducing water use"), we log some kitchen time with Wolownick.

As Honnold scrolls through his emails on his laptop, Wolownick shows me the four climbing essays she's published in the past few years, some of which explore the mother-son theme. As generous as Honnold can be about crediting his mother for the role she's played in his life, it's clear that he's grown weary of being a trophy son. The next time a magazine wants to write about him, he says, "I'm just gonna give them my mom's contact

he is in himself as a human being. I think Alex is actually afraid of being vulnerable to somebody and having to open himself up."

Post-breakup, Honnold has embarked on a journey of on-the-road hookups in a logical, even somewhat chilly-sounding way. "I've actually adopted a very frank attitude, like, 'We will never date, we will never see each other again, but if you're looking for some fun, I'm totally psyched.' Most chicks actually find that sort of flattering." At the Symphony Space event before the screening of *Sufferfest* 2, Honnold's face lit up every time he encountered an attractive woman. "There were a couple of really cute chicks down there," he said. "But I don't have the energy right now."

For all the activity in his personal life — he's since found a more serious long-distance love interest — this past year has been relatively quiet in terms of headline-

a three-part series on Animal Planet that will track Wright and Honnold's adventures around the globe. But he expects to push himself harder next year. More ambitious free solos are likely. A return to Patagonia with Haley to take care of unfinished business on Cerro Torre is a virtual lock. He may even let himself be persuaded by North Face climbing mentors Conrad Anker and Jimmy Chin to take a go at a Himalayan peak, Thalay Sagar in northern India, which is rife with the sort of objective dangers — avalanches, crevasses — that a rock climber like Honnold seldom encounters. "I mean, falling into a crevasse would suck," he says. "But I've sort of accepted that there is a chance that I could die that way. Like it would just happen."

One thing that hasn't changed over the years is Honnold's dispassionate clarity



The advertisement features a close-up of a Citizen Eco-Drive chronograph watch with a black dial and a metal link bracelet. The watch face includes a date window at 3 o'clock, a moon phase sub-dial at 6 o'clock, and a tachymeter scale on the outer bezel. The background is a blurred landscape of a sunset or sunrise over water. The text "CITIZEN" is prominently displayed in large, white, serif capital letters. Below it, "BETTER STARTS NOW" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom right, the Citizen Eco-Drive logo is shown, along with the text "POWERED BY LIGHT" and "Eco-Drive". Below the logo, the tagline "A watch that never needs a battery." is written in a small, white, sans-serif font.

information and be like, "Take it from here, Dierdre. You got this." Eventually we head off to our respective quarters for the night: me in the guest bedroom; Honnold heads back to the van parked at the curb.

Soon, Honnold won't be sleeping in the van quite so much. He plans to expand and winterize his Lake Tahoe cabin and make it a proper home base. As the outlines of a new adult life become visible, the person, it seems, is catching up with the climbing résumé. His ex-girlfriend, Stacey Pearson, says that Honnold used to talk about his "JOPG," or "Journey of Personal Growth," a little irony-leavened self-consciousness. As it turned out, the JOPG did not include settling down with Pearson. She chalks up the breakup to his not being fully ready to commit. "He is so confident as a climber," she says. "But I'm not so sure how confident


grabbing climbs. The exception was an ambitious climb in Patagonia during which he and the noted young alpinist Colin Haley attempted all four peaks of the Cerro Torre massif in a single all-day, all-night push, only to be stopped 250 feet below the summit by ferocious and near lethal freezing winds. "For somebody like me, who's used to rock climbing in Yosemite, I'm not really used to considering dying from the weather," he says. "I was like, 'This is kind of fucked up.'" (Although he doesn't consider himself an alpinist, two years ago in Patagonia, he and Caldwell linked all seven peaks in the Fitz Roy massif in a single four-day push. It was the first successful Fitz Roy "enchainment," which won them the alpine world's highest honor, the Piolets d'Or.)

Honnold expects 2016 will have its diversions. Negotiations are under way for

about the risks he takes in his line of work. "Call it Buddhist or call it whatever," he says. Climbing, the thing that has given him so much, could take it all away in an instant.

What's the secret behind his ability to look into the abyss and not flinch?

"Just not giving a fuck." He pauses for a moment. "I was just joking. But detachment probably is a big part of it."

I take Honnold at his word, but I let Wolownick have the final say. "When I started to see the pictures in the magazines and hear about what he was doing," she says over lunch after her son has returned to Yosemite, "then, yeah, it occurred to me that every time he left the house it might be the last time I'd ever see him. And if someday, next year, this year, he does come home in a box, he will have lived 50 lifetimes compared to lots of us." 



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With the high-end components and frames found on more expensive models, these bikes deliver the fun of trails for under \$3,000.

The Beginner Bike That Handles Like a Pro



Unlike other hardtails that are skittish because there's no rear suspension to absorb shock, the trail-busting **Scott Scale 710 Plus** has wider rims and fatter tires for more contact with the dirt. On a Park City, Utah, run littered with square-edge rocks that can stop a bike in its tracks, the Scott rolled right through. But it's not sluggish like a fat bike: You can get aggressive in corners and technical terrain as you build skill and, because there's so much more tire on dirt, it helps you stay upright — and makes you feel confident — at any speed.

\$2,600

scott-sports.com

by **BERNE BROUDY**

BEST FOR STEEP TERRAIN

Transition Patrol

If your goal is to ride challenging downhill with lots of obstacles, or traverse trails filled with jumps and tricks at a chairlift-served bike park, the aluminum-framed Patrol is the setup for you. When we barreled down a rocky slope, the long-travel front and rear shocks smoothed out a rollicking ride, and we got air off berms without that crushed-spine sensation. transitionbikes.com **From \$3,000**



BEST FOR ALL TERRAIN

Specialized Camber 29

The Camber's 29-inch wheels (the same diameter as road-bike wheels, but wider and knobby) roll over everything more easily than smaller wheels, and are faster, too. They smoothly handled a mat of roots and rocks with large gaps in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. When it was time to climb back to the top of the hill to do it all again, a lever on the rear shock locked it out and kept the bike from bobbing while we ascended. specialized.com **\$1,900**



BEST FOR SPEED

GT Helion Elite

This swift ride can quickly eat up miles, thanks to some race-bike features like an aerodynamic top tube and a short stem for quick handling. In addition, its 110mm front suspension — enough to keep you from being rattled without weighing down the bike — and 27.5-inch wheels helped us wiggle through tight corners without crashing on a switchback descent. gtbicycles.com **\$2,490**



Trail-Ready Gear

The right accessories can help you ride longer and more comfortably, while withstanding off-road abuse.



The Technical Tee for Trails

An open-knit polyester on Acre's **Linear** increases surface area to keep you drier on hard climbs. Bonus: It's longer in the back and soft against the skin. acre-supply.com **\$62**



The Walkable Cycling Shoe

The **Five Ten Kestrel** has a stiff sole for efficient pedaling, but it's flexible enough for walking and has sticky rubber to grip tricky ground. Boa lacing fine-tunes fit. shop.fiveten.com **\$180**



The Safer Helmet

The **Bell Stoker with MIPS** has enough venting that you'll forget it's there. But in a slow or twisting fall, the MIPS liner protects your brain better than anything else. bellhelmets.com **\$95**



The Long-Haul Shorts

Abrasion-resistant but stretchy, the **Dakine Syncline Short** has an adjustable waist for all-day comfort. Leg vents can be opened if the temperature rises. dakine.com **\$90**



The Pedals for More Power

Clipless pedals help you go farther with less effort. The **Shimano PD-MT50** has a light spring to make clipping in and out easy, and a wide platform for extra stability. shimano.com **\$90**

TORTURE
TESTED

Adventure-Ready Cameras

Your phone takes great pictures, but when you're outdoors, you need a device that can withstand drops and plunges. We torture tested these compact cameras to see just how tough they really are. **by ERIK SOFGE**

RATED (1 to 10)

Olympus Stylus Tough TG-4

A. If this were a photo-only shoot-out, the TG-4 would easily take top honors. With its bright f/2 lens and low-light-conquering 16-megapixel sensor, this model matched the best nonrugged compacts. But with a single drop on concrete, part of the battery cover snapped off. Though it retained its crucial water seal, we can't recommend this for extreme conditions. getolympus.com **\$350**

Panasonic Lumix Tough Adventure DMC-TS6

B. The TS6 was the most brittle in the test. A strip of plastic covering the microphone broke loose and was constantly crammed with sand. Plus, deep, finger-snagging gouges showed up during rough use. Good news: It kept shooting excellent photos. But no one wants a camera that looks and feels as if it's about to fall apart. shop.panasonic.com **\$300**

Fujifilm FinePix XP80

C. The XP80 looks flimsy, feels strangely light, and yet made it through our punishing tests with only a few nicks in its paint (even after bouncing down a trail). It also took sharp underwater photos and the smoothest video of any camera here. At just 5.7 ounces, it's the most pocketable. fujifilmusa.com **\$230**

Pentax Ricoh WG-5 GPS

D. The more we tried to hurt the WG-5 GPS, the more we appreciated its impeccable engineering. When it falls, either from a standing, shot-taking position, or when tumbling off a bike, the camera seems weighted to impact on the rubberized material that covers its top and sides. It also took solid, color-accurate 16-megapixel pictures. ricohimaging.com **\$380**

Nikon Coolpix AW130

E. The AW130 was second only to the Ricoh in terms of durability, showing no visible signs of being treated poorly. Unfortunately, its photos were relatively dark and blurry, especially during a slightly overcast day. And video pixelated whenever the camera moved. nikonusa.com **\$300**

The Nikon is WiFi-enabled, so you don't have to access a computer to share photos on Facebook or Instagram.



● **HOW WE TESTED IT** To simulate the abuse these cameras might face on your next outing, we sent them skidding down a rocky embankment, tossed them from a moving bicycle, buried them in sand, submerged them in the ocean, and put them in the freezer. Ratings reflect picture quality and ruggedness.

The MJ Guide to Better Sleep

There's no need to toss and turn — advanced materials improve everything from mattresses to bedsheets.

Picking the Perfect Mattress

by **STEPHEN TREFFINGER**

Too firm? Too hot? The new tech embedded in mattresses can cure most common complaints, but finding the right one is tricky. To make your search easier, here are a few tips: Don't rely on the descriptive model names — one company's firm could be another's medium, so shop by features instead. Start by making a list of what you like and dislike about your current mattress, and bring the list to a showroom.

An in-store test is not only recommended, but the salespeople also expect it. "Don't rush," says Mary Helen Uusimaki, VP of marketing and communications for the International Sleep Products Association. "It can take up to 15 minutes to relax enough to feel the true support of a mattress." Be sure to try out the positions you sleep in. And, just in case, shop somewhere that has a 30-day return policy.



BEST FOR HOT SLEEPERS

Tempur-Pedic Contour Rhapsody Breeze

For a cooler night's rest, the Breeze has a synthetic cover that draws heat away like a good wicking workout shirt. In addition, the support layer below not only helps distribute weight evenly across the mattress, but it also dissipates additional warmth. It conformed to our tester's body, but it didn't feel like a tight mold as some memory foam does. Bonus: If you roll around in your sleep, your partner won't feel it. tempurpedic.com
\$3,900 for queen size



BEST FOR NIGHT MOVERS

Stearns & Foster Lux Estate Hybrid

Memory foam can be slow to rebound as you move, but traditional springs can lack that comforting cradled feeling. The Hybrid combines the best of both, and the result is firm yet responsive support. When we rolled from side to back, the springs shifted with us, and the foam layer filled in the gaps. It was very comfortable, and perfect if you're the kind of sleeper who fights to find a good position at night. stearnsandfoster.com
\$2,399 for queen size



BEST FOR VALUE

Sealy Posturepedic

You don't have to break the bank for a good night's rest: We found the synthetic foam layer — along with individually encased coils underneath — offered excellent support (in both the firm and soft models), especially for your lower back and hips. But there is some compromise at this price. With less padding and a thinner layer of foam, the Posturepedic doesn't cradle your body like pricier mattresses, and if your partner tosses and turns, their movement will be felt on your side of the bed. sealy.com
\$599 for queen size



BEST FOR VARYING STYLES

Sleep Number Performance Series p6i

This is no gimmick: If you like a firm mattress and your partner wants something softer, a remote control inflates or deflates the dual air chambers beneath the p6i's padding, allowing you to create in seconds the firmness level you prefer. This isn't an air mattress; we were impressed by the solid construction, and it was very satisfying to change how a bed feels on the fly. sleepnumber.com
\$2,800 for queen size

HOW TO SHOP FOR A MATTRESS ONLINE

New companies are streamlining the process by selling top-quality mattresses online. How do they compare to the store-bought models?



A new breed of mattressmakers is trying to take the hassle out of buying a bed. In lieu of a showroom full of models, these online brands make only one option, designed to appeal to as many sleepers as possible, and ship directly to your home, bypassing the middleman. In general, the mattresses are coil-free versions with some memory foam and additional layers for support. The build allows them to be vacuum-packed and shipped in relatively small boxes. (They magically expand when you open the box.) But how do they sleep? We tested the three major brands and found them similar — medium firmness with a soft, pillowy top. **Casper** (casper.com; \$850 for queen size) was the first out of the box and, in addition to conforming to a side-sleeper's frame, it had a nice bounce quality. For warmer sleepers, we found the **Tuft & Needle** (tuftandneedle.com; \$600 for queen size) slightly cooler than the rest. And for



those who seek a little extra support, **Leesa** (leesa.com; \$890 for queen size) had a feel our tester dubbed "firm tofu." Ordering any of these mattresses couldn't be simpler, and we even lugged a boxed king up a flight of stairs. Add to that a no-questions-asked return policy and they are tough to resist.

Find the Right Pillow for You

Even if you're not shopping for a mattress, the easiest (and cheapest) upgrade you can make is new pillows. While the most popular type is down, these are great options, whatever your sleeping position.

by **JESSE WILL**

BEST FOR DOWN ALTERNATIVE **Primaloft Deluxe Pillow by The Company Store**

1 Opt for this synthetic microfiber-filled pillow if you're allergic to down or feather pillows (or their prices) but still want an ultralight feel. Three levels of firmness suit all sleeping positions. thecompanystore.com **from \$40**

BEST FOR ALL-AROUND **Nest Bedding Easy Breather**

2 Most memory-foam pillows are dense and tend to retain heat, but the impressively lofty Easy Breather is filled with a shredded, nontoxic foam that holds its loft overnight. Mesh panels allow heat to escape. nestbedding.com **from \$99**

BEST FOR STAYING DRY **Holy Lamb Organics Woolly Down**

3 Try a wool-filled pillow if you tend to sweat (or drool) overnight: Its fibers wick away moisture. In the Woolly Down, malleable puffs of the material make for a pillow you can stuff as loose as you like. holylamborganics.com **from \$120**

BEST FOR SUPPORT **Hullo Pillow**

4 Popular in Japan, buckwheat hull-filled pillows like this one are ideal for relieving neck pain, since they're firm and adjustable, and hold their position around your head. Like all buckwheat pillows, the Hullo makes rustling noises when you shift. hullopillow.com **from \$79**

BEST FOR COMFORT **L.L. Bean 700-Fill-Power Sateen White Goose-Down Pillow**

5 Goose down's still tops in terms of light, airy, highly moldable luxury. The relatively inexpensive L.L. Bean is available in three densities (soft, medium, or firm). llbean.com **from \$169**

THE NEW RULES FOR BUYING SHEETS

● A high thread count is not as important as you think.

It's easy to find luxury 1,500-thread-count sheets at bargain prices. But buyer beware: Thread count (the number of fibers per square inch) isn't a sign of quality, since manufacturers can boost the count using thin, low-quality strands that don't hold up well to washing. A sheet like the **Martha Stewart Collection 360 Thread Count Percale** (macys.com; from \$50) can feel equally luxurious; be wary of any with a thread count over 400.

● Look for long-staple cotton.

With fibers longer than 1½ inches, long-staple cotton is more durable, softer, and less likely to pill than sheets made from inferior short-staple stuff. Extra-long staple (longer than 1¾ inches), like the fibers found in **Garnet Hill's Hemstitched Supima Percale Bedding** (garnethill.com; from \$38), fares even better over time.

● Try these new online linen sellers.

Like the mattressmakers, a number of start-ups are focused on selling a limited range of high-end sheets directly to customers online, eliminating a few steps (and markups) in the traditional supply chain. We like **Classic Core Set** from **Brooklinen** in long-staple Egyptian cotton, below, (brooklinen.com; from \$99). L.A.-based **Parachute** manufactures its long-staple cotton sheets in Tuscany (parachutehome.com; sets from \$89), while **Boll & Branch** sells organic-cotton sateen sheet sets from \$200 (bollandbranch.com). All offer 30-day returns.





The High-Tech Bedroom

Experts say the bedroom should be a place free from technology. But there's a growing number of devices designed to help you relax, tune out, and get more (and better) sleep — rather than distract you from it. From a clutter-killing lamp to an alarm you won't get angry at when it wakes you, here are the best. by **JESSE WILL**

The Bedside Assistant

1 The WiFi-connected **Amazon Echo** is more than just a voice-activated Bluetooth speaker: Put it on your bedside table and you can speak to it to have it set an alarm, read you the next chapter from your Audible book, turn off lights (using smart home outlets like Belkin's WeMo), and give you an up-to-the-minute traffic or weather report before you've gotten out of bed. amazon.com **\$180**

The Softer White-Noise Machine

2 The low-level analog hum you hear from the **Dohm DS** sound machine masks the noise creeping into your bedroom. An asymmetrical fan inside puts out the sound of rushing air, without the sensation of sleeping in front of a fan. It's 50-year-old technology that's more soothing than harsher digital solutions. marcpac.com **\$50**

The Cordless Bedside Lamp

3 With a barely there anodized aluminum build and a 2mm-thick OLED light fixture,

the dimmable **Aerelight A1** takes up a tiny footprint. And since its wood-veneered base hides a wireless Qi-compatible charger, it eliminates unsightly cords. aerelight.com **\$240**

The E-Reading App That Won't Keep You From Sleeping

4 Studies show that blue light — like the stuff you're exposed to when using a phone or tablet — can disrupt sleep cycles. To prevent the problem, the background of the million-title, all-you-can-read e-book subscription app **Oyster** (iPhone and Android) goes from white in the daytime to amber in the evening. oysterbooks.com **\$10/month**

The Sleep Tracker

5 **Hello** analyzes your sleep data and monitors the air quality, light, and humidity levels in your bedroom, collecting plenty of data to pore over. But its best feature is an alarm that gently rouses you at the lightest part of a sleep cycle closest to your wake-up time. hello.is **\$129**



The Aerelight A1 can be turned on or dimmed by touching the metal edge along its head, neck, or base.

DOWN DUVETS THAT ARE BUILT TO LAST

The best duvets are carefully constructed to provide warmth even after years of use (and washings). It's one piece of bedding where you get what you pay for.



THE ALL-AROUND PICK

The **Parachute Home Down Duvet** (parachutehome.com; \$389 for queen size) has all the qualities you should seek in a down duvet. A high fill-power of 750 gives it warmth, loftiness, and a light weight (25 oz); baffle-box construction ensures that the down fill won't shift and lump up, leaving you with cold spots. As with all down duvets, use a cotton slipcover to prolong its life.

THE SUBZERO PICK

Whether you sleep in a drafty mountain home, want to save on heating bills, or just enjoy a cracked window when you sleep (even in January), the over-the-top-toasty **Feathered Friends Baffled Box Ultimate 700** (featheredfriends.com; \$459 for 38-oz full size) should be your choice. The Seattle outfitter backs the duvet with a lifetime guarantee; they'll wash or repair it, too.



Best Headphones Under \$100

You don't have to break the bank for well-built headphones with quality sound. The Roots' Questlove put the latest on-ear models to the test. **by MARIELLE ANAS**

Marshall Major Black

These were Questlove's favorites: "I had high expectations, and they totally delivered." They have a natural, almost-live sound that adapts to any genre, and feature solid bass that isn't overpowering. Plus they retain the Marshall "stack" look and nostalgic style. "In the '70s, the cord on most headphones would coil like these do." His one knock:

9 They don't fold up. marshallheadphones.com **\$69**

JBL Synchros E30

The drummer pushed the volume on these 30mm drivers without anyone complaining about bleeding noise, thanks to their closed-ear design. Even at high volume, they have a very lively sound that favors higher ranges. (Snare drums are especially crisp.) But the fit is too snug. "You'd need a small head. The headband rim only reaches my brow — I felt like LeVar Burton in

7 *Star Trek: The Next Generation.*" jbl.com **\$80**

Skullcandy Grind

Questlove found the low notes on Lil Wayne's "A Milli" to be too much. Overall the Grind's sound quality is great, but "there was some rattling," he says. "It couldn't really handle all that bass." Quest reported that there was some high-end bleeding on certain songs that could annoy fellow commuters. The clear cans are eye-catching, and the steel headband

7 will withstand some wear. skullcandy.com **\$60**

Grado SR80e

The SR80e has a fragile build better suited for home use. Their open-back design helps widen the sound, and they deftly handled heavy bass. Unfortunately that design also means sound leaks. "The 16-year-old me would've wanted you to know I was bumping 'Rebel Without a Pause' by Public Enemy, but the 44-year-old me isn't too quick to let you know I'm listening to 'Sloop John

6 B' by the Beach Boys," says Quest. gradlabs.com **\$99**

Soul Electronics Transform

Delivering crisp but subdued audio, the Transform are best suited for quiet spaces. "I wish they were a bit louder," Questlove says. "I wasn't able to really blast them." On the plus side, nobody complained about noise leaking. The plastic design is light and not likely to survive long days on the road, but the moisture-wicking ear pads are washable, making them a good

5 choice for workouts. soulelectronics.com **\$99**

RATED (1 to 10)

EXPERT TEST



→ **AHMIR THOMPSON**, better known as Questlove, is the drummer for the Roots and the musical director of *The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon*. He produced the original-cast recording of *Hamilton*.

A single button on the Grind's ear cup lets you take calls, play and pause tracks, and switch easily among songs.



Better Backpacking Basics

Build your backcountry setup around these rugged, well-considered essentials. by **JESSE WILL**

The Back-Saving Pack

Despite its pared-down lines, the **Gregory Stout 65** comes loaded with features that lessen the impact of a weekend's haul. Its key asset: a wire-frame wishbone suspension, based on that of the brand's lauded (and pricey) Balto pack, which evenly distributes a heavy load. A hydration sleeve doubles as a daypack — for capturing a peak with just the basics — and the hip belt has a waterproof cellphone pocket. gregorypacks.com **\$199**



The Personal Stove That Really Cooks

The **Jetboil Minimo** can boil water for coffee in a flash (16 oz in just two minutes, 15 seconds). With a redesigned fuel regulator and valve, the latest model has learned a new trick: simmering. It's an essential mode that lets you fine-tune the heat output and elevate your backcountry cuisine beyond the basics. jetboil.com **\$130**

The Warmer Sleep Mat

The **Therm-a-Rest NeoAir Xtherm Max** uses a series of openings under its surface to trap warm air, creating a buffer between your sleeping bag and the cold, hard ground. Similar ultralight pads creak when you shift, and few are as large as this 20- by 72-inch model. For all its luxury, the Max weighs just over a pound and packs down to a 9- by 4-inch roll. thermarest.com **\$199**



The Last Headlamp You'll Ever Need

The **Princeton Tec Sync** gets the LED headlamp just right. It offers five beam options (including a red light for close-up work) and 90 lumens of brightness, and will burn for up to 200 hours on just three AAA batteries. An idiotproof dial is simple to control even in pitch dark. princetontec.com **\$30**



A More Clever Cookset

The 6.1-oz **Snow Peak Hybrid Summit Cookset** pairs rugged functionality with design smarts. The shape-shifting backcountry accessory is a 29-oz titanium pot that fits inside a silicone cup that you can use to sip anything from soups to coffee. The lid is also made of silicone and it doubles as a pot holder. The whole thing stacks easily and takes up minimal space in your pack. snowpeak.com **\$50**



Despite its tech, the mtnGLO weighs just 3 lbs, 9 oz. Two tall campers can even fit inside: Head clearance is 40 inches.

The Backcountry Beacon

We were skeptical, but the light-up **Big Agnes Rattlesnake SL2 mtnGLO** is more than a gimmick. The LED strip sewn into the tent canopy provides broader, better light than any space-hogging lantern you'd hang, plus you'll save room in your pack — throw in a vintage paperback for late-night reads. The lights are turned on and dimmed via a handheld controller, and powered by 3 AAAs (or a rechargeable battery pack). Now if they could only integrate a sound system. bigagnes.com **\$350**



The Stuffer Synthetic Bag

The classic trade-off: Synthetic bags perform well in damp climates but are space hogs. The 5-degree **Mountain Hardwear Lamina Z Torch** has more insulation where you most need it and less where you don't, resulting in a more streamlined sack. And since the insulation is welded to the fabric, its ratio won't shift. mountainhardwear.com **\$299**

Fresh Water, Fuss-Free

Instead of having to hover over a pump while you work it by hand, outsource the job. Collect up to 4 liters of dirty water in the **MSR Autoflow Gravity Microfilter**, hang it from a tree, and the water's weight will send it through the filter while you set up camp. Bonus: The lightweight (10.5 oz) model is easy to clean. msrgear.com **\$120**



How to Pack It

Marco Johnson, National Outdoor Leadership School field staffing director, shares his tips from 30 years in the backcountry.

- Packs are improved, but the physics haven't changed: Keep heavy items low and close to your back.
- Don't leave dead air space: The more rugged the terrain, the more compact you want your pack. Be inventive: Manipulate dense items like food to make them fit around others.
- Think double duty. Skip waterproof pack covers. Instead, wrap items in your tent's rain fly.
- One of the myths out there is that you need to sleep nearly naked. But by wearing all of your warmest layers to bed, you can get away with a smaller, lighter sleeping bag.
- The most common novice errors: too much clothing and food.
- Keep the stuff you'll need on the trail most accessible in your pack. That includes a first-aid kit: If it's buried, you're less likely to address a small problem such as a hot spot, which then becomes a bigger problem — a blister.

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BOURDAIN continued from page 60

"But no matter how jaded you get," Bourdain says, "shit still sneaks up on you. Like looking out over [Saudi Arabia's] Empty Quarter when the moon is dropping over miles of dunes. Or whipping across rice paddies in Cambodia with Depeche Mode in my earphones. Bobbing around in warm, beautiful water in Brazil half-drunk, listening to samba in the background. My happiest moments on the show are when we've finished shooting, maybe had a couple drinks or a joint, and you look around and say, 'Wow — who gets to do this?' At those moments, life does not suck. Even just grabbing some noodles with the crew. A not-on-camera bowl of noodles," he says, smiling. "That's perfect happiness."

By now Bourdain has reached a point where almost anything he can dream up is within reach. So what's still left to try?


"I'd like to do a show with Keith Richards," he says. "Go back to the château where they recorded *Exile on Main Street*. Make a meat pie with him. I have reason to be optimistic." He's currently working on a cookbook, which he promises will be — visually, at least — "the most fucked-up cookbook ever." (Longtime Hunter S. Thompson illustrator Ralph Steadman is doing the cover.) And though he recently tossed out a crime novel he'd been toiling away at for years, he'd like to write more for TV — as he did quite skillfully for HBO's *Treme*, an experience he called "possibly the most fun of my professional career."

And how about nonprofessionally?

"There are moments I'd like to have," Bourdain says. "I'd like to eat pasta out of a chipped bowl in Tuscany. I'd like to go to Paris with my daughter when she's old enough to really get it. There are a bunch of books I'd like to tackle. *Don Quixote*. Joyce. And I'd like to putter — puttering would be good. Make bad sausage. Grow horrible tomatoes. Make terrible wine I could inflict on my houseguests. That would please me."

At the night market, after filming wraps, the crew starts loading up the van. But it's only about 9:30 and Bourdain doesn't want to go home yet. He tells the producers he'll meet up with them later and strolls over to a side block filled with neon-lit foot-massage parlors. His eyes light up. "I love this shit," he says. He spots one that looks appealing ("the key is to find a place with no attractive people — just old, fat Chinese men") and steps to the door. "You want massage?" the lady asks.

"Yes," says Bourdain. "Yes, we do."

Five minutes later, Bourdain is horizontal in a leather recliner, sipping water from a plastic cup and having his feet annihilated by a tiny Malaysian woman while WWE wrestling plays on a TV in the background. There are no cameras in sight. "You know how we were talking about those little moments earlier?" Bourdain says. "Well this is one." Eyes closed, he smiles. "I'm a happy man." 

THE PROPHET OF PARANOIA continued from page 67

by two guys in Korea. We know nothing about these people."

McAfee then moves into a pitch for his D-Central and D-Vasive apps. The red light flashes, and his time is up. Offstage, he looks depressed. "That audience doesn't get it or they don't care." He looks around backstage. "Well, at least I made 25 grand." He brightens only when a fat man with a parrot on his shoulder asks for his email. McAfee scribbles down the parrot guy's email. "I think that guy is the only one here who knows what I'm talking about," says McAfee.

At the airport, McAfee isn't selected for further TSA screening. He is perplexed and a little angry. He downs a large gulp of vodka he had poured into a juice bottle. Pool makes a joke.

"John, maybe it's because you're too old."

At dawn, we land in Atlanta, and the six-hour drive to Lexington passes in a haze. The Blazer fills up with cigarette smoke as Pool and McAfee check their arsenal: a Smith & Wesson .40, a .380 Ruger, and another three or four handguns in the front seat. "I like to have a small one in my waistband," says McAfee. "Sitting on the toilet is a real vulnerable position."

Pool eyes a fellow driver nervously before gunning the truck out of range. McAfee tells me that when he was fleeing whomever, the safest place at night was parked between two truckers at a rest stop. "Those truckers don't fuck around."

The drive goes on, and McAfee promises he will play for me an audio smoking gun: a conversation he taped with John Zabaneh, a shadowy Belizean businessman and known drug trafficker who, McAfee says, admitted that the cartel is after him. I fall asleep to Pool and McAfee singing along to Paul Simon's "Slip Slidin' Away."

THE NEXT DAY, John McAfee welcomes me to his home or, more correctly, the main floor, because the rest of the place is booby-trapped. The dining room table is covered in bullets, a semiautomatic rifle, a pistol, and a handful of burner phones. The Zabaneh listening party is delayed because McAfee wants to walk the property. It's two hilly acres with plenty of trees, and sunlight slipping through the branches. He tells me to be careful because there are fish hooks strung between trees to lasso intruders. Just last month, he says, two gunshots were fired at his property. Unfortunately, the only ones home were McAfee and a 10-year-old boy who was helping with yard work.

He tells me the cream cheese theory and then pauses underneath a tree, looking at the ground. "See how smooth that is, no leaves? That shows me someone was here and they were dragging something. Now where does this go?" Within minutes, McAfee is on the ground underneath his

deck. There's a slight indentation in the dirt. "They were digging down here, but why? To pump nerve gas into the house, that'd be easy to do." McAfee lets out a yelp and holds up a copper-colored rock.

"See this rock? It's from a Mexican village. The cartel guys bring it with them to remind them of home. You won't find another rock like this on the property."

Except I do, 50 feet away, a great big pile of copper rocks. McAfee triumphantly holds up a blue lighter. "This lighter is fresh. Now tell me someone wasn't here."

I don't have the heart to tell him that's his own lighter, which he used to light his cigarette 15 minutes ago. McAfee keeps digging for a half-hour before holding up a fistful of wire. Bob wanders outside at the ruckus. He takes a look at the wire.

"I think that's just cable wire from the Nineties. Every house has it."

McAfee looks crestfallen.

"OK, fair enough."

Sunlight is fading and McAfee looks at his watch.

"Jesus, it's going to be dark soon. I can't have anyone over after dark; it's a security risk. You have to go; we'll listen to the tapes tomorrow."

THAT NIGHT I CREEP my rental car past John McAfee's property twice, but I don't see any activity, no spotter in the window, no Mexican cartel dudes eating cream cheese. The next morning, I ring McAfee's door at 10 AM, and despite his dog howling, no one comes. I return a couple of hours later, and there's no answer, but as I walk to my car I hear McAfee's voice. He's in a robe and his eyes are unfocused. He tells me to come in and wait at the gun table while he takes a shower. He reappears, better dressed but still wobbly. It was a rough night. He swears he saw four men outside in the dark but couldn't get a picture because of the mattresses covering his windows. He charged after them, brandishing a gun. He heard only one voice. It was John Pool.

"Get the hell back in the house!"

McAfee makes us tequila sunrises. I ask him what he thinks his father — who committed suicide when McAfee was 15 — would think of his life. "He would be proud," says McAfee unsteadily. "But he was an alcoholic and abusive; it would have been better if he'd killed himself sooner."

I wonder aloud whether his reduced circumstances — Belizean estate to ramshackle home in Tennessee — are real this time or another contrivance. He shrugs and says nothing, offering a Cheshire grin. Then I ask a simple question: Maybe he is too paranoid, while the rest of America needs to be more paranoid?

"Probably true, but you'd be paranoid if you've lived through what I lived through," says McAfee. He takes a long slug from his drink and suddenly looks very old. "Amer-

ica is in a state of somnolence. It's an avoidance of paranoia through ignoring reality. Mine is an enhanced paranoia, but I may be enhancing reality."

He then plays the Zabaneh tape. It's a scratchy recorded cell conversation, in which Zabaneh seems more baffled as to how McAfee got his number, and actually denies having anything to do with the cartel chasing him across the known world.

The tape is inconclusive, like all things McAfee. With Janice gone and Pool sleeping off the night, John is at loose ends. While the D-Central app is free, he admits that the more sophisticated D-Vasive app has been a commercial failure, selling about 5,000 copies at \$5.98. But he swears they both will vault to the top of the apps charts as soon as the Russians or the Chinese or the Koreans post those pics of American teens in the shower.

Other cyber-security experts doubt his faith. Jarret Raim at Rackspace brings up an interesting point about last year's hacking of celebrity nudes. "Most of the ire was at Apple; it wasn't like, 'We need to buy McAfee.' It was, 'Why the fuck did you let this happen?'" Apple is the big kid on the block; they're going to fix that."

In other words, people aren't likely to run out to McAfee in case of security Armageddon. They're going to turn to their overlords at Google and Apple to fix things,

and fix they will, because they have billions at stake. The best McAfee can hope for is to have his concept bought out.

Just as significantly, other apps are already passing D-Vasive by. Security expert Babak Padsar estimates there are 25 or so apps that do what McAfee's do. He told me about a company called CopilotFamily that allows parents to remotely deactivate their kids' phones if they think they're interacting with someone dangerous. Still, McAfee trudges on, a not-quite-false prophet without honor. He pours another drink and stirs it with his long fingers. "I'm doing this because people need to wake up," he says. "If they don't, I'm going to resign from this society and live in a fucking cave for the remaining years of my life."

We leave his current cave and drive around town, the same streets where, in August, McAfee will be pulled over for DUI and possession of a firearm while intoxicated. (He'll blame a new Xanax prescription.) McAfee wants me to meet the police commissioner, who he swears is his friend. But he forgets it's Saturday and no one is around. It's time for me to go. McAfee gives me a final warning.

"Be careful: Now that you know me, they're watching you, too."

We never did find those cream cheese packets. **MJ**



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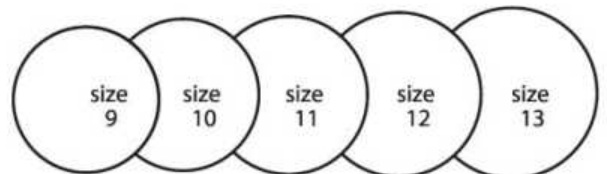
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Don Henley

The longtime Eagle on growing up in Texas, when to say goodbye, and the key to surviving life on the road.

What adventure changed your life?

Packing up my car in 1970 and driving with my bandmates from Linden, Texas, to Los Angeles, where the only person we knew was Kenny Rogers. He gave us our first big break. Ultimately it didn't work out, but it got us to L.A. and got us into the game.

How do you win an argument?

By agreeing to disagree and moving on. Try to find common ground — something most people in Congress have forgotten how to do.

What have you learned about fame?

That it's a blessing and a curse. The loss of privacy is hard to handle, especially at first, but you always have to be as gracious as possible because it comes with the territory. Though I think, as a culture, we are far too obsessed with the idea of celebrity. These days you can be famous without having accomplished anything worthwhile. That

doesn't speak well for our values. We've become a nation of exhibitionists and voyeurs. If properly channeled, fame can be used to accomplish good things. Otherwise it's just a tool for making money, satisfying narcissistic urges, or getting good tables at restaurants.

What did growing up in Texas give you as a person and artist?

It gave me space to dream. I could roam the woods and the fields, swim in the lakes, ride my bike to school. I started driving a car at age 14, sitting on a cushion so I could see over the dashboard. I was exposed to different kinds of music from all different directions, since my part of Texas was at a cultural crossroads, where the Old South meets the West.

How did you survive life on the road?

Apparently I'm still surviving life on the road, but at 68 it's a real challenge, mentally

and physically. I travel with a recumbent exercise bike, free weights and other equipment, my brilliant fitness trainer, and my trusty road manager of 41 years. It's a team effort. I talk to my family on the phone every day, albeit briefly, because if I talk at length, I lose my voice. But the primary survival tool is perspective — something that's hard to get and even harder to keep.

How should a man handle getting old?

What's that line in the poem "Desiderata"? "Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth." But that doesn't mean that we should just sit on our asses and let atrophy set in. We have to stay curious, stay engaged, and, above all, stay fit. Family, friends, travel, music, books, gardening, a little good wine now and then — all these things, coupled with the right attitude, can make aging enjoyable.

How do you know when it's time to say goodbye to something?

When it no longer contributes to you, or you no longer contribute to it. Your intuition will tell you, if you listen.

What should every man know about women?

That they want basically the same things we do. They just want to talk about it a lot more.

How did becoming a father change you?

You look at your children and it's like you're peering into a big magic mirror, and it speaks to you: "What you see before you is a reflection of your best and worst qualities. Deal with it." Best thing that ever happened to me.

How should a man handle regret?

Never ever allow yourself to be defined by past mistakes. We all make them, but the real shame lies in not learning the lessons inherent in those mistakes. I'm not the same man I was, and I'm not the man I'm going to be. I'm a work in progress. But some regret is only natural and right, as long as we don't wallow in it. Move on. Life is long. You'll have more chances to get it right.

—INTERVIEW BY SEAN WOODS

Don Henley's new solo album, *Cass County*, his first in 15 years, is out this month.

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